

THE TINCKER OF TURVEY.

his merry Pastime in his passing

from BILLINGSGATE to
GRAVES-END.

The Barge being Freighted with Mirth,
and Mann'd

Trotter the Tincker.

Tinker, a Cobler.

With those Persons *Thumper, a Smith.*

Mr. Rowland a Scholler.

Bluster a Sea-man.

And other Mad-merry fellowes, every One of
them Telling his Tale: All which Tales are full
of Delight to Reade over, and full of
laughter to be heard.

*Every Tale-Teller being Described in a
Newe Character.*

The Eight severall Orders of Cuckolds, mar-
ching here likewise in theyr Horned
Ranxes.

LONDON.

Printed for NATH: BUTTER, dwelling at St. Austin's
Gate. 1630.

Я И С К Е И
О Н У В Т О

五、中華人民共和國的民族政策

CHAPTER 2: THEORETICAL FRAMEWORK

卷之六

ANSWER TO THE

Who is a robot?

ANSWER TO THE QUESTION OF THE PRESENCE OF POLYMER IN POLYMER-CONTAINING POLYMER

WILHELM BRUNN 32

ANSWER

John Q. Yuan (as well as) ~~from~~ LaM radio has

Digitized by the BRITISH MUSEUM

卷之三

A small, circular, embossed seal or emblem featuring a stylized animal, possibly a lion or a griffin, within a decorative border. The seal is positioned at the bottom of the page, just above the page number.

卷之三

1. The Example of the First Organization of Chinese-Americans

1. *100* mg of silver nitrate

卷之三

莫氏傳

Printed for NASA by Battelle Seattle Research Center

2020-2021



THE TINKER HAMMERS OVT AN

Epistle, to all Gentlemen, that loue

Lattin, to all Strowling Tinkers; And

to All the braue Mettle-men that Truell

on the Hoofe, with a Dog, and a

Doxie at's Tayle.



Inck, Timch, Tinek, Timck, Timck;
Roome for a Tinker, a ratling Mettle-
man, a Hole stopper, a Kettle-Drum-
beater. Heere comes Trotter of Tuz-
wo, Arm'd with his Budget, Bung-
Dagger, New-pinne and Hammer,
that has Lattin in his Pouch, yet ne-
uer to mend Grammer. Many a Country haue I be-
strid, many a Towne trotted ouer, in many a dury
Faire bin drunk, many a Tinkers Troll haue I bum-fid-
led, & left the Knaue her walking-mate, snoring on an
Ale-bench. Many a paire of greasie Cards haue I
toss'd ouer at Trump, by a roasting Sea-cole fire from
Morning to Night; my Currie at my feet, my Dr. b
by my side, and shall I not now bee admitted to
gabble

The Epistle.

gabble in Tinkers Rhetoricke, (*Tara-ring-tinck?*)
I will please you, though I beat out the bottome of a
Kettle, for the Parish Kettle-Drum, was my inten-
tion, and all Musicke came from the Hammer. Is
not a Tincker a rare fellow then? He is a Scholler,
and was of Brazen-Nose Colledge in OXFORD:
an excellent Carpenter, for hee builded Copper-
Smiths Hall: He is a Doctor too, can cast any wa-
ter out of a skillet, that is crazey, and set him vpon
his legges againe. A Souldiers March, was taken
from the sound of my Bason, when I beate an Alla-
rum on the bottome of it, with my nimble-rapping
Hammer, which to me is a Drum-sticke. Be you all
then, (my Brother-strowlers, and Padders on the
High way,) as Iouiall as I am. Liues not a mer-
ry-man longer than a sad? Has not a Tincker lesse
care than a *Tamberlaine the Great*? Is not an houre
in honest mirth, worth a Vintners Hogshead (that
has no doings) full of Melancholy? Why were
Tavernes painted with red Lattices, but to tell
Gallants there's high-colour'd Wine within? And
why has a Tinckers face a Vermillion Nose, but
to shew, that he loues that Ale-house best, which
washes his Cheeke with the strongest Nippitay.
For, I (*Trotter the Tincker*) haue beene sowc'd ouer
head and eares in the Mediterranean Sea of *Me-
theglin*, and all other sorts of Liquors: As Ale:
The Antenticall drinke of *England*, the whole Bar-
my-Tribe of Ale-Cunners never layd their lips to the
like. The best that euer wash'd my throat, was at
an old fat Hostesse of mine, called mother Twattle-
bum,

The Epistle.

bum, at the signe of a Tinker whipping the Cat: of her Ale, the custome was to set before me two little Noggins full, and then she bad me take heed, how I angred her Waspes, for foure of them would sting my Braines to death: and shee sayd true, for no Ale that euer I lick'd my Lips at, was like it: yet I haue thrust into my Guts Dagger-Ale, Steelerto-Ale, Pistoll-proofe-Ale, Pimblico-Ale, Mother-Banches Ale, Labour in vaine Ale, Darby Ale, Ale of *Gottam*, (which make the men there, Fooles) I haue drunke double-lanted Ale, and single-lanted, but neuer gulp'd downe such *Hypocrenean* Liquor in all my life. I asked her who brew'd that *Nectar*, whose Malt-worme so nibled at my Peticranion; and she said her selfe; for old Mother *Elianor Rummung* was her Grandam, and *Skelton* her Cozen, who wrote fine Rimes in praise of her High and Mighty Ale.

But now to the Tinkers Tales, which were told in the Barge betweene *Billingsgate* and *Grauesend*: Herein following the steppes of old *Chaucer*, (the first Father of *Canterbury-Tales*:) These comming as farre short of his, as Bragget goes beyond the Pigs wash or small Beere. If I knocke any words out of ioynt, lay the blame on the Tinkers Hammer, which in mending and stopping one hole, thrusts out the Kettles thin bottome, with his Thumb, and makes two.

Here's a Gallimawfry of all sorts: The wayting Wench has lests to make her merry, and Clownes, plaine dunstable Dogrell, for them to laugh at, till their Leather buttons fye off.

A Farmer sitting in's Chayre, and turning a Crab

The Epistle.

in the fire, may here picke out a Tale, to set his
Chops a grinning till his belly akes. Old wiues, that
haue wedded themselues to *Robin Hood, Clim a*
the Clough, Tom Thussub, Fryer and the Boy,
and worthy *Sir Isenbras*, may out of
this Budget finde something to

maintaine a Gossiping :

Mum then for
that.

Fall to and so Fare-
well.

THE



A TABLE OR THE Contents of the Booke following.

1. The Tinkers Tale.

Of a rich Country Pedlar, cozen'd by a Butcher, a Currier, and a Cobler, and he deceivingshose three a-gaine.

2. The Coblers Tale.

Of the Prior of Canterbury, and a Smith of Saint Anstins.

3. The Smiths Tale.

Of a Jealous Cobler, cunningly made Cuckold by a Smith.

4. The Gentlemans Tale.

Of a Scholler, of Cambridge abus'd by a Wench he loued and his revenge upon her.

5. The Schollers Tale.

Of two Sycilian Lovers, and of their sundry strange misfortunes, ending well.

6. The Sea-mans Tale.

Of a young couple married together, the Wifes prating tongue bringing her Husband to the Gallowes, and a Sonne (being but adopted) offring to bee his Fathers Hangmans.

The

The Contents.

The Eight Orders of Cuckolds.

- 1 *An ouer-grownne Cuckold.*
- 2 *A Cuckold and no Cuckold.*
- 3 *A Horne-mad Cuckold.*
- 4 *A Winking Cuckold.*
- 5 *An Extempore Cuckold.*
- 6 *A John Hold-my-Staffe Cuckold.*
- 7 *A Cuckold in Graine.*
- 8 *An Awestraked Cuckold.*

THE



THE TINKER OF TURVEY. OR, Canterburie Tales.



giving in the Barge at Billingsgate, ex-
pecting when the Tide should serve for
Graveland, divers Passengers (of all
sorts) resolved either to goe boord:
the last, to begynnes ther: and then they
sayngone: when I com to the Bayes,
though I was resolued to goe in a Little
boat, yet seeing what a crew of good Companions were in
the Barge, and perceyning by the Wind there was no feare
of Raine, I step'd into the Barge, and shortly my Seat a-
mongst the thicket. Whiche that the Barge was put from
the Bayes, and having a strong Wind, because much Rain-
water had falleyn before, they wente moste hardly downe,
Hearce had we gotten beyond Dame Katherines, but a Per-
ry of Wind blew something loud, so that the Watermen
hoysed up Bayes, and layng up their Oars to labour.

Being thus under daile, and goinge hardly downe, it
made us all mire, insomuch as we perceyned that, some
of one thing, some of another, the daye by the way of Buane-
ry. As thus, every man was gretly the better the time
pleasantly, a Tinker of Turvey, being in the Barge to so-
lace

Canterburie Tales,

Lace himselfe rather than any other, for out a thost and fell
a Singing, playing very handesomely, first on the bottome of
a small Kettle with his Hammer : His boyes (though a
Wal) was so good, so lowd, and so pleasing, that all held
their tongues and listened to him.

The Tinkers Song.

Here sits a Ioniall Tinker,
Dwels in the Towne of Terney,
I can mend a Kettle well,
Though my Humors are but scuruy :

Yet will I sing.

Tara-ring, Tara-ring, Boyes,
Roome for a Ioniall Tinker,
Ile stop one hole, and make three,
Is not This a Noble Tinker ?

The Misicks of my Kettle,
Brans found, whiche forth is sending,
Makes fine Girles cry, come Tinker come,
We ha many holes lacke mending.

Yet will I cry, &c.

We are the merricke fellowes,
That by a Trade get monys,
And when we poice vp broken wares,
We are pay'd by pretty Cunnesys,

Yet will I sing, &c.

From Fairs to Faire wee Ambie,
Our Dexies pracking by vs,
And haue whole Chambers of strong Ale,
When any Tinkers spy vs.

Yet will I sing, &c.

The

Canterburie Tales.

5

The Marches which each Morning,
Our Hammer-heads are beating,
Make Girles thinks, Tinkers well can strike,
And long for such a Beating.

Yet will I sing, &c.

The Viall, Lute, Bandes,
The Kit, welsh Harpe, and Citterne,
Make not the Wenches so looke out,
As does a Tinkers Gitterne.
Yet will I sing, &c.

The Bason ever ringing,
When Bawdes and Whores are earted,
Is to my Pan, that Hellish din,
To heare which, Poinds haue startet.
Yet will I sing, &c.

Here, a guifcane, and stopp this Winkers mouth, but
faire wechier showing her face paciently, my Masteres (qu.
he) I haue begun our Cravens boyage with a song to
the Lune of my Mettle; if any man will follow me, let him:
if none will, lets passe away the time in telling of Tales,
and because I thinke most of us are for Canterbury, we will
call them Canterbury Tales: Agnes cryed all: who shall
begin: who hat the Winker (quoch one) because tie his
stone motion: herupon, (lucky her beating his kettle)
hesettled to begin: but first behold the Picture of this Tin-
ker.

The Description of the Tinker.

IT was a sturdy Lowne,
His blacke Locke a dangling downe,
Curld, and Knottey, muzzeld boord,
To maken Country Fooles afard,
Grimy face, all smadred off.

Canterburie Tales.

His can'd hide tough as wild Boare,
 His broad backe, Letherne Pilch did cover,
 A greazy bonnet hung his eyes ouer,
 By his side, a whinyard hung,
 A Budget fastened with a Thong
 And brazen Buckle, wherein are
 All his Tooles, and Finkery ware,
 Like a Souldiers Knapfacke, round
 A croſſe his shoulders was py-bound.
 That he lap'd strong nappy Ale
 Shew'd his Nose, that ne're look't pale,
 For he crimson'd it so well,
 It gliffen'd like a Carbuncle,
 His Tobacco chould Smiff,
 Whose smoke he out would puffe,
 In Clunches eyes, and if they grumbled,
 Them into the Mire he tumbled,
 Many a Purſe from many a Swaine,
 Had he thrafhd, on Salſbury-Plaine,
 With no noſſe can his Tale be drown'd,
 For he on Kettle it does sound.

The Tinkers Tale.

Of a rich Country Pedlar, being Cozen'd by three, and deſciuing them againe.

Doſt ſayſe from Gottam in Nottinghamshire, in a
 Village dwelt an old rich Pedlar, that had by'd
 to ſell Wares, at moſt of the Faires round a-
 bout in thole Countries. In his Houſe he kept
 no body but a god ſtirring nimble tongu'd Wench, of ſome
 30. yeares old, to whom he promiſed all he had when he dy-
 ed, for looking ſo well to his Houſe and him; her name was
 Gillian.

So ſhe, grineing to ſee the god old Pedlar, every day to haſ-
 telle himſelfe, with a Wampus and other Tromperies typed

Canterbury Tales.

5

to his backe, and in a high pair of clouted starrups to tror
on for, to so many Faires and Markets, councell'd him to
buy a god strong lisy Horsle, to carry him, and his ing-
gage. And so both to rale his body, and lengthen his life;
for sithence he had money enough, this wold not much hurt
his estate. He layd earfull Gillian o the lips for her leare-
ned, and Physcall Councell, and said he wold doe as she
wold'd him.

The next day, there being a Faire where great Roze of
Worles were to be sold, the old Pedlar tramiles on fure,
with god Roze of money in his Purse, with intent to come
home agayne, with more rale than he went forth, and then
to say, God a mercy Horsle.

Purchasing he wold, and hardly could he judge, ryther of the
Colour or Condicions of a Beast, but men wondring to see
him balle, to buy a Warren, that never had bestrid an Horsle
in his life, many offered to god will to holpe him, least the
shreving Horsle-coulers and Backay-men shold cozen him,
And so by their adice, he bought a pretty handsome Horsle
for that am chasyng Robles.

Thys man comys, that had watched the Pedlar, still as he
beat his Warke, (The one was a Butcher, the other a
Currier, and the thirde, one of the Gentle Craft) a Cobler
lays their heads together, how to get this Horsle from the
old moysey'd Pedlar: its impossible lase two of the Conny-
catchers, but the Coblers wit, being made of reeching Lea-
ther, told them, that the Butcher had no more braines than
a Calfe, (but not half so god,) and that the Curriers con-
ceite, shanks like newe Land Leather; if they wold joyne
with Mountayn Cobler, he wold clap such a patch on the
Pedlars shoulde, that they thare wold cozen him, and share
the Beast amongst them: Who quoth one! No more but
thus said the Holmewor, let us all chye part, and be diffant
one from another some quarter of a Mile, in the way that he
is to ride, and falling into some by-talke with him, bise the
Horsle well, and say tis a handsome Mare, thats all, also
main-



maintaine it to be a Spare, for I know his old fellich Pedaling Conditions, and chensic what follows upon this.

They thre par: and first, the Butcher saluting the Pedlar as he rode, enquired how the Market went at the Faire, marry says the Pedlar, all things very deare, and therfore I bought nothing but this beast: What thinke you my Horsle cost me: Which Horsle says the Butcher: This on which I ride, answered the Pedlar: Alas Father (quoch the other) you are cozen'd this is a Spare: a very Spare: a Spare, quoth the Pedlar: You have good skill in Horsle flesh and so rode away, laughing aloud at the Butchers simplicity.

Then the Pedlar overtakeing the Currier, who staid of purpose for him, on the High-way, and spying him come, did chenset forward, blesse you Father cryed the Currier, from whence come you: From the Faire (quoch the old Pedlar,) you have a pretty Spare under you says the other: howe a Spare: Put on your Spectacles, lode better byon't, take your eyes in your hands, and you shall finde tis a Horsle, (says the old Pedlar.) So am I, say you an alle replied the Currier, And away spurr'd the old Lad, bounding to his men so out of their wits, but rememb'ring with himselfe, they were Gortam b'ard, he car'd the less, and knew soall his dimnesses of sight, he could not be so misaken. At last, he spurr'd a third man, in the High-way before him, and that was the Cobler, whom overtakeing, O Father Pedlar, (sayd the Cobler) this is strange to see you mounted, you have beene at the Faire, any god doings there: Any fine Circles there: Any Rose of Pighathers: How goes Leacher: What lusty couple keape they there: Nay (quoth the Pedlar) I kno'nt alster no couples, no Pigs, no Hoolies, no fine Circles nor I; all that I minded was my solle, and my Horsle, that I bought there: well said Father, can you here your p'me friends in your old Age: Jere: Why: Why says the other: Is not a Jere to tell me you have bought a Horsle, when tis as plaine a Spare, as you and I are a may: What trade art thou, quoth the Pedlar: A Cobler said he, so I thought/said the

the Pedler,) high the house, set thy Coxcombe of an upright last, liquor thy braines better, patch by thy wits, boore a hole or two more in thine eyes, then list by thy Horses tayle, and with thy Nose tell me whether it be a Spare or a Horse.

The Cobler (being a fellow that wouldsware any thind) rap'd out an oach, and swore it was a Spare ; Alas Father (said he) why shoulde I sware ? What Rogues are these to cozen you ! To chear an old man ! Oho ! So I am true Cobler and an honest man, this beall is a Spare, a mire sea-bitten Spare, and nothing but a Spare. Swearest thou (quoth the Pedler) and ist a Spare ? Where are mine eyes ? But alas, I am porblind : I now begin to smell that I am ridden like a Jade, for sine man helpon you, told me it is a Spare : a spare cryed the other, as I am true Cordwainer, body and bones. Sayes the Pedler it be a Spare, I would not ride her for all the Comes in Nottinghamshire, for I never heltrad any one Beall in my life but a Spare, and riding through a Marker Lowne, the stony-hoiles leapt me as if I had hym a Spare, one with bis soote-legs, stealed over my Shoulders, another gane me thys palse on the head, my Scull was crack'd, and I taken by for dead ; when I came to my self, I wold I might breake my necks, when next I hacht any Spare, And forsoars my liffh to overtake me before I get home, (being not farre) here honest Cobler, take my Spare, ride her, run her, spur her, and hang her ; I knote this when I leide againe, and pay me when thou list chyture, wher thou thinkest shal be worth. Sayes the Cobler, come the next Marker day to Gotram, there I dwell, my name is Yerker, (the enely Cobler of Gotram) and you shall no mane much by the Beall. A spach cryed the Pedler. Many riden the Cobler to his Companions, who laughing at the old Fales chyture, and what an Aso they had made hym, sell the Horses and share the money.

The Pedler being come home, his wif clapping her hands with admiration to see hym (as this said) come moaptug home

home on fort ; what bought you, at the Faire ? I bought
(said he a Horsle) a Horsle (quoth she) where is he ? Is he
put to grasse already ? You have sent him to run on the Di-
nells Commons, have you ? Peace Gillian (quoth he) I
would have pawn'd all the Pedlar packes, that ever I car-
ried, I had bought a pretty Horsle, payd for a Horsle, rode
him for a Horsle, but thair sonnall men on the High-way,
one after another, sav'd me downe it was a Mare, and I ea-
ring some mischiefe might fall vpon me, for cursing my selfe
(as thou knowest) about the other Mare, I parted with
it to a Cobler of Gostam. A Coxcomb of Gostam like your
selfe, (saide she) some that knew you had but weake eyes
hau' stol'd you, out-fac'd you, and Cunny-catch'd you :
would I haue beme Cunny-catch'd so. O that I haue chose
thair Cheates, would I could unger this Cobler, Mercable
him, I'le make him swallowe his Law. Peace Gillian (said
the Pedlar) the next Market day I shall knowe whether
they be Unases or no ; for usw I haue stol'd them with a
Horsle, they will bite at any thing. Werthen quiet, and if I
sey not in my w' ala pan something or other that shall make
them swallow a Horsle-plum, say I'le no Pedlar. Promise me
thererof within those two dayes, a very god Dinner, so; I
shall haue friends come to visit me : let me haue a breake of
Teals, a Pig, halfe a dozen of Chickens, and a couple of Rab-
bits. She said it shold be done.

Now the Pedlar had two very faire Goates, in his
ground : one of them he takes (on the day appointed for the
Dinner) whitch he tyes to a Hedge, leaning it sufficient to
feed vpon : The other he leades in a Cote with him to the
Market. The Goates were of one dignesse, one colour,
and so like one another, it was not possible to distinguish
them. The Pedlar was no fower come into the Market,
but the thair sharkes that liv'd vpon chearing came to him,
ask'd how he did, and how he lik'd his Mare they mad him
vpon ; O said he, I found your words true, that I was co-
zeud, and I rid my hands of her. But why (sayd one of them)

Canterbury Tales.

9

doe you walke by and downe the Market thus with a Goat tyed in a string? Can he doe any trickes? Trickes said he: I would not lose my Goat for twenty such Mares: to tell you true my Wulrys, I loke for Guessthis day, if you will Dine with me you shall be welcome; when I have bought my Peare, then you shall sic what trickes (if you call them trickes) my Goat can doe.

So, the Pedlar having bought his Provision of Meale, Pig, Chickens, Rabbits, Oranges, Spices, and other things, tyed them all very handsomely to the Goates backe, and sayd, Hoicrah hys you home to Gillian, bid her dresse Dinner with all hast and having taken these things from your backe, request her to tye you to a Henge, for else I know you will be rambling. The Goate runnes away, as fast as he could, none stopping him, as thinking it had bene his qualite to carry provision, but being got out of the Towne, he ran into a Wood, and what became of him, the Pedlar never knew.

In the end, after he and our thare cheates had drunke together in the Market, Dinner time drawing nigh, they all four came to the Pedlars house. He no sooner step'd with in dores, but winking at Gillian, ask'd her if she had done as the Goate instructed her, she being as wily as he, conceited his meaning, and sayd, yes: god chere was at fire, dinner was ready, and the Goate tyed to a Henge in the backe-side was shewne them: At which they blest themselves, and secretly conspired to steale the Goate from him.

Dinner being set on the Bord, they all sit downe, eate, and welcome, and wondrous merry: whilst their Tatch are going, their tonges are not idle, but wonder at the strange condition of the Pedlars Goate; asking what Country Goate it was, he tolde them of Brecknockshire: you may sayd hee, well enough wonder at the conditions of my Goate; they are strange ones indeed; and there is a reason they shoule be strange, for it has rost me abous five yeares his ceaching: you will moze wonder, if I tell you that I

C

bare send him into Wales w^t a packet of letters to my friends, and he shall bring their answeres; for he never traualles in the day time, but all by night: if he goes abroad with me (as ofteentimes he does) and spyes any Pedlar of my acquaintance, he will leape, dance, sown upon him, and lay his h̄ands gently in his Lap when he lies downe.

They rise from Dianer, and having an exceeding desire to get the Goat, resolute to steale him, hoping much money might be gathered by stealing him, in other Countries, but the old hole of the Coblers Conscience, being somewhat mendē, because he had cozened him of his horse would by no means steale this from him to, but let vs (quoth he) rather all 3. buy him. They aske his price: price sayes the Pedlar: He's worth his weight in gold: a Lord offred me once 50. peices for him, but I refus'd it; I can to morrow morning have 30. And lessē I will not take. They cheare make by the mony between them, lead the Goat with them, and away they are gone.

Being come home, they shew to their wifes, what a rare outlandish Beest they had bought, which they would carry to London first, and so all ouer Englanđ, and get a world of mony by him, the women call them puppies and twles to beloue any such lyes as they brag of: But so; tryall of the truth, they chargen their wifes to dresse such god chere, as presently they would lead by the Ḡate, and so, all to be merry to the market they goe, buy excolent meats, and send it by the Goate, bidding him, to tell their wifes they must dresse it presently, soz they and some friends were to come to dinner. The Goat having his errand, harkens away, byes through the market, then into the Filds, and at last (as the other) into a wood, and was never more heard of.

The 3. wifes husbands comming home, aske if dinner were ready: What dinner replye their wifes: did not the Goat bring home victuals? The Goat Cryes one of the women: the Calfes head: said another: the Ale-head: Muoth the third, an Oxe-head: upon this the men looke blanche, saw they noke gold, for builling the old pedlar: one of their wifes laught

laught, to see her Husband mine such a Pinny, the other scolded, the third cryed for madnesse: in a short time all the Towne was in a Hubub; other mens wifes clapp'd their hands at them, their Neighbours hissed at them, bugas howled; They hit their heads, cursing the pedlar, and hating reuenges. But the shame-olfo hiting sul'd, guld, fech'd a-uer, and cheated, they being Cheaters themselves; they left their owne Towne & came to London, the Butcher took a Tobacco shop in Ram-Alley, the Carrier an Ale-hous by London-Wall, and the Cobler sets patches on old Shenes, at this houre in Roague-Lane at Westminster. The Pedlar at ony Faire was commonden, for ouer-reaching them, that oulterid him, and Gillians wit exell'd beyond the wisedome of all the Witches in Eccliam.

The Winker having thus ended, a Cobler in the Barge, grumbling that the Winker made a Cobler one of the three Cheaters, would nev'r tell his Tale next, so silence being cryed, he began to speake, but I thinke you were best, loke upon him, and note what a spynce Lether-Porgo it is.

The description of the Cobler.

His stature was large and tall,
His limbs well set withall,
Of a strong bone and a broad chest,
He was wide and wildsome in the breft,
His forehead hie and a bald pate,
Well I wot he was a mate
That loued well a bonny Lasse,
For the Clownes eyes were as gray as glasse:
And oft haue I heard my Mother say,
The wanton eye is er'e most gray.
He loued well a cup of strong Ale,
And his nose was nothing pale,
But his shout and all his face,
Was as red as Ruby or Topace:

Canterburie Tales.

A voyes hee had cleare and loud,
And well he can sing to a crowd.
Hee was a stout sturdy Squire :
And loued eke day good compire :
Drinke he would with every man,
In Cup, Cruze, Glasse, or Kan :
And what every day he got
Hee hoarded vp in the Ale-pot,
That all Canterburie gan leere,
To talke of this merry Cobleere :
Therefore now marke me well,
For thus his Tale began to tell.

The Coblers Tale.

Contayning the fests that passed betweene the Prior of
Canterburie, and a Smith of Saint Austin's.

SIXTY. 2. The Prior of Canterbury had a Couent of Freres Augustines, that were endued with great livings from the King, and he himselfe had great reueue, that he lived like a Potentate, and he was had in great estimation, throughout all the Cittie : Living thus at ease, pampered vp with delicates and idlenesse, the tyme comis to Lechery, he minded not so much his Work, but that passing one day through the streets, he glanced his eyes to see where he might finde some handsome Trull that might be his Paramour: many he saw, and many he liked, but at last comming by a Smiths Forge, he spyyed a proper tall woman mealy attayzed, after the Poverty of her Husband, but of such a beautifull visage, and faire countenance that she pleased greatly the Prior's eye, that he thought her the fairest in all Canterbury, he returned home that way he went out, because he would haue another looke at the Smiths wife, and as he passed by, hee gaue her a curteis so; his farewell, Well, home he went to his Chamber,

Chamber, and there bethought him of his new Lone, and cast in his mind a thousand wapes how he might come to his purpose: At last, he sent for the Smith to come luke vpon his Hous, who very hastily hied him to the Priory, where the Prior welcommes him, and entertained him with great curtesie, kissing the Purse (as the old Proverbe is) for the Childe sake, and making much of blacke Vulcan for faire Venus sake, the pore Smith very carefully looke to the houre, and where sovgt was amisse, amedes it: The Prior and all his Convent gave him great commendacions and thanks, and bad him to Breakfast, where he had god cheare and Rose of strong drinke, which made the Smith passing pleasant: as they sat at Breakfast, the Prior told him, sith they had made experieunce of his skill, and that he was cunning about Hosses, he was content to make him Farrier of the Priory. At this the Smith was very glad: nay more, quoth the Prior, because thou shalt hane moze gaines out of the Docter, siring thy wife is a good cleanly woman, she shall be Landesse for me and the whole Convent. The Smith hearing this, percieued by the weathercocke, which way the wind blew, shakt the head, and began to smile: the Prior demanded of him why he laughte: Marry sir, quoth he, siring we are at meat, and mynthe is god for digestion, I will tell you a merry telle. There was such a pore man as my selfe, that dwelt (as I doe) hard by a Priory, and he had brought vp in his house a little Lambe, which growing to a shewe would wander all abroad, and returned home late at night without any hurt: at last, this little shewe being the pore mans treasure, siring the Prioris gate open, and the yard full of grass, went in, and sed there. The wanton Fryars that wers idle, would often spoyle with the Lambe, and play withall, and pulled off the wuli off the bache, that it had al moile left nothing but the bare pole: which the pore man espying, kept by his shewe, and wold not suffer it to gae any moze abroad: yet it had gotten such a sweete sanguine in the Prioris yard, that al alone as it bzafe losse, it wold stichor, where the Prior and Fryers

spying it againe, consented, and eate it vp all: The god man
came to as he soz his shape, and they laughing at him, gaue
him no other amends but the hornes: so my Masters, if my
wifte should be your Laundzelle, I warrant you if I came to
enquire for her, I might haue such les as the pore man had
soz his losse: No no, I am well I thanke you, if my selfe may
serue for a Farrier, so it is, but my wifte (of all men) shall not
haue to deale eyther with Prior or Fryars. At this they all
laught, but the Prior not willing to give ouer the chace thus,
made this answere. Why Smith (quoth he) thou art a
foole, thou mayst haue a psonis for that, soz though she walle
our cloathes, yet she shall neyther fetch them noz bring them
home, neyther shall there ever a Friar come at thy house,
only the Scull of the Witchin, and I hope thou fearest not
him. So quoth the Smith, they be these brychless Peo-
men that I stand so much in doubt of: but vpon these con-
ditions aforesaid, that she shall neyther fetch them, noz
carry them home, she shall be your Laundzelle. Vpon this
they agrēd, and the Smith went to his House and told
his wifte all. She that was a wily Welsh, thought with
her selfe, that whaloener her Husband shal soz he shalld
catch a Frogge; and that dealt he never so warily, yet she
would make him one of the head men of the Parish, as
well as his Neighbours. She conjecturing thus with her
selfe: the next morning came the Scull rarely (by that the
Smith was vp and at his wozke) with soule cloathes. God
sped hit quoth he, I haue brought your Wifte the Prioris
laines; ah welcome god fellow (quoth he) god thy wayes
vp to the Chamber to my wifte, she is aboue, and I thinko
a Bed: the Scull trotted vp the staires and saluced the wo-
man: Misris (quoth he) the Prior hath sent you his cloches
and prayes you that they may be done on Wednesday
next: they shall be dane (quoth she) with all sped: and
(quoth the Scull) his worship wil me in secret to gine you
a King soz a token, and to desire you to thinke that he loves
you as heartily as any woman in the World; the pore
woman

woman bearing a gold Ring, and having never had any before in her life, held her selfe a proud woman, and thought her what god giuist she shold dayly haue if she had such a Louer as the Prior: wherefore she returned him this answere by the Scull, that she had ever thought well of him, but her Husband was a jealous fole, and watcht her narrowly wheresoever she went, but as farre as she might she was at his command. Home went the Scull, and the Prior was risen by that he returned, and aske him what newes: what newes, quoth the Scull: Marry thus Sir, asdone as I came to the doore, I found the Smith hard at his worke, and I saluted him by the time of the day, and asked him where his wife was, saying, I had brought the Prior's Linnen, goe vp the staires god fellow (quoth he) for I thinke my wife is in Bed, and Sir, there indid I found her, and surely Sir, if you will beleue me, me thought she lay too louely in her Bed to lye with a Smith; so Sir, I gaue her your token, and told her what you had me, and she made answer, that your worship was the man who she had ever thought well of, but her Husband was a jealous fole, yet as farre as she could, she was at your command. This satisfied the Prior's expectation: and on Wednesday morning when the Scull shold goe for his cleane linnen, the Prior compounded with him, and gaue him a brace of Angels to kepe his counsell saying, Tom (for so was the Scull's name) thou knowest all flesh is fayle, and we are men as well as others, thongh our p[ro]fession be more holy, therefore Tom so it is, that I haue loued the Smith's wife a long time, and now may I haue opportunity to fill my desires, I will this morning take thy cloathes and besmire my face, and with the basket he so the cleane clothes, quelly I care for nothing, if thou kepe my counsell. Feare not that Sir (quoth the Scull) but I will be so secret as you can desire; with that the Prior was briese, because he longed to be there, and on with the Scull's ragges, and taking the Basket on his nekke, hasted hym very orderly

to the Smiths House, by that time day did appeare, where he found him hard at wozke, God morrow Sir, quoth the Prior, I am come for the Linnen, goe by the stayres fellow quoth the Smith, thou commest very early my wife is yet in Bed. Up trudged the Prior, and there he found his Paramour in a sweet slepe, the Prior sted to her and kist her, and with that wée awakte, and seeing the Scull, why how now Sir lawce (quoth she) can you not speake before you come vp? My Husband is a wile man to send such Companions vp into the Chamber where I am in Bed, twere no matter and the match were equal to make him weare the horne for it. Oh, be content godd Loue, quoth the Prior, forz know thou, that I am not Tom Scull, but the Prior himselfe that sent the the King, who for thy sake is come thus disguised, with that he discouered himselfe, and she perceiued it was he, and blushit: he kist her, and so conjured her, that whiles the pore Smith was knocking at the Smithy, he had dubb him knyght of the forked order, and for feare of suspition, putting his linnen in the Basket, away he went, bidding the Smith farewell. Thus the Prior and the Smiths wife contented, and enjoying their hearts desire, the pore Smith loued her not a whit the worse, neyther did he suspect any thing: for the blud rates many a syre, and much water runs by the Mill that the Miller wots not of: so playd it with this Smith: for twice a wiche came the Prior in his Sculs apparell, to his Lemmon. Thus it continued, till on one morning the Prior was not well, so that he could not goe, but Tom Scull after his wonted manner, went to carry sojch the Linnen: and as he went by the way, he began to thinke with himselfe what a sayre woman the Smiths wife was, and how faine he would be partaker with his Master. Hammering this in his head, on he went to the Smiths house: Now Smith (quoth he) god morrow, is thy wife vp? No quoth the Smith, but she is awake, goe vp and carry your linnen a Gods name: vp came the Scull and rushing in at the Chamber doore, threw downe his basket, and seeing the Chamber darke that he could

could not be discovered, slipt to bed, and entred Commons with the Prior, and with that got him away without saying one word: The Smiths wife marreilid at this, and supposed he had heard some rustling, and so; feare of her Husband, had gone away so hastily. Well, within two dayes after came thes Prior againe, and after his accustomed manner went vp with his basket, and saluted her after the old fashioun: I pray you tell me master Prior, quoth she, what meant you the other morning, that you came so quiet, and slipt away with such silence after you got out of Bed? By this the Prior perceived that the Scull had ent a shire on his loafe, and so thought to dissemble the matter. Faith swet heart quoth he, I heard a noyse, and thought it had bene thy Husband that had come vp: so I conserued, quoth the Smiths wife, and therfore after you were come, seeing you were frighted with your owne shadow, I laught heartily: thus as long as they durst they chatted, but at last the Prior vp with his basket and away. When he came home, in a great chace he sent for the Scull, and made inquiry of the matter, the poore felow afraid of soys threatnings, confessed the matter, and craned pardon: but the Prior forgetting his pacience, fell upon poys Tom the Scull, and beat him so soze, that he had almost kild him: and afterwards swearing him on a Boke, never after he went with any Cloaches, he should goe no further then the Chamber doore. The Scull agrid to this and consermd it with a soleinne oach: but the remembraunce of his soye blowes, bred in him a mind to revenge: whereupon resoluing to doe any mischiefe to the Prior that he might, one day he went very ouderly to the Smith, and carried him to the Ale-house, and there after a long protestation of silence, revealed the whole matter vnto him, how the Prior every day came in his apparel to his wife, and so made him weare the hornes, while he was busie about his hammers: at this the Smith ferched a great sigh: alas quoth he, and am I a Cuckold: Why not you quach the Scull as well as your better selfe Inded quoth the Smith, and that is all the comfort that I

hane, that my betters haue had as hard hay : for the Abbot of Saint Peters that is an holy man, had but one Lemon; and yet he was not content with cweney morsels: and I am a pore Smith and a lay man, no maruaile then if my soffers be as forkeed as the rest: but by the holy Roode of Rochester quoth he, I shall be so renegged on the Prior, that after I haue taken him, he shall hate Lechery the worse while he liues, I quoth the Scull, take heed thou plaguest not me in stead of the Prior. To avoyd therefore all insuing danger, if I come to morrow, thou shal know me by this token, I will aske thee whether thou hast drunke this morning o^r no : if thou hearest no such watch-word, then know it is the Prior. So he it (qd. the Smith) and upon this they drunke their drinck and departed. The next morning the Smith was earely at his werkis, and the Prior that longed to be with his Lemon, was as soone awake, and vp he got, and on with the Scull apparell, and to the Smiths house, and after his accustomed manner bade him god morrow, and vp the staires. The Smith perceiving it was the Prior, because he wanted his watch-word, hied vp presently after him, and tolde the Prior in Bed with his wife : why how now Scull quoth he ? Will no worse meat gos downe with you then my wife ? Before you and I part, I will leareas you how to make Vulcan of me, without you were moare like Mars then you be. Wheres-
upon his man and he (two lusty knanes) stepped to him, and puld him out of Bed, and thrast him into a great sacke, wherin he was wont to put chaffe: when he had done, carried him into the strett, and layd him downe befoze his doore, and then made his wife take a stalle in her hand, and thresh as hard as she could: but because he perceived her strokes were layd on with fauour, himself stod behinde her with a great Carters whip, and every time she stantid in her blowes, he lent her a lash that he fetcht the blood throught her Petticoat: the people that came by, maruailed at this blutike, and aske the Smith what he was a doing: killing of fleas, quoth the Smith, that I found this morning in my bed, and be-
cause

cause my wife is to idle and will not strike home, I stand with my whip to whet her on. Neighbours therefore give good ear, and marke the end, and sic when my wife hath beaten them enough, and sic what soule fleas they be, and by my example learne whensoner you take such great fleas in your wifes bed, to put them to the like punishment. The people flocked together to se this spozt, and although the Prior was almost bynypled to death (though for favou- ring of him the Smiths wife heze many a lash) yet he durst not cry, for feare of further discredit, but lay still and suffe- red all with patience. At last a multitude of people flock- ing together, it chanced that upon serious busynesse, the Abbot of Saint Peters came by, who seeing such a chyng, sent one of his men to know what the mattor meant. Oh may it please your Lordship, quoth the Smith, such a sight as you never saw, wherefore for Chists sake, I aske it, that you would take so much paines, as to come ouer the way and see: the Abbot kept ouer the Channell, and when he came and saw the Smiths wife with her falle, and him with his whip, he wondred, and the Smith cold him as the rest, that it was a flea he tolke in his wifes bed: all this while lay the Prior with a heavy heart, for feare the Smith would shake him out of the bache: wishing to abide twice so much torment, so he might escape unknowne. As the Abbot, about this mattor, stood questioning with the Smith, the Scull that mist the Prior that past his houres, thought the Smith had playd some mad pranche with him, went and put on the Prioris apparell, and his Coule ouer his head that he might not be knowne, and went downe to the Smiths houseward, where seeing a con- course of people, he hasted him thither. At last the Smith spyd him and cryed, Oh my Lord Abbot, yonder comes the Prior of Saint Aulins, it was one of his fleas. Well knew the Smith it was Tom Scull, but his wife supposing it to be the Prior, and that he in the bache was the Scull that had deceiued her, in despight for revenge layd

on such blowes, that she needed no whipping to amend her stroakes. When the Prior came, and after most humble manner had saluted the Abbot, he desired to know the cause of that sight: Marry quoth the Smith master Prior, I may thanke you for this, for a ske of your Priorie hath leapt from the Doxter to my wifes Bed, and stading it thers this morning, I put it into a sache, and caused my wife to thresh it, and for that both you and Master Abbot, and all my Neigh-bours shall see what parlous fleas oft happen into wemens beds, I will shake him out before you all, and with that un-bound the sache, and he therew out the Prior, who being in the Scul apparel, was so besmeared and so blaudy, that he could not be knowen: Loke here master Prior, quoth the Smith, here is the Scull of your Priorie. Oh notable knaute, knaute quoth Tom Scull to discredit our house. What thinke you of this my Lord Abbot? Is this a sufficient punishment or no? Considering by this fault he shall give occasion of slander to the whole Priory? He is quoth the Abbot, within the Jurisdiction of your censure, and therefore deal with him as you list. Marry quoth the Scull, then thus: because it is an open fault, it shall have a more open punishment, for if it be smothered by thus, they will say that I am a favourer of knaus; with that he cald to certayne of his Cousins, so most of the Monkes of the Priory were come thither, hooly say you byethen qd. he, is it not best that he stand all this forzonne on the Pillorie, and haue a Paper written on his head, containing the wholle matter of his offence? And the Smiths wife shall bane bader him with her stalle, and the Smith with his whip: and so quoth the Smith, shall all Canterbury laugh at me, that come into the market place, to pounce my selfe a Cuckold. So godman Scull quoth he, it shall not be so, and with that he puld off his Cale, and said masters and Neigh-bours, lo, here is the Scull of the house; and this, beaten in the sache, is the Prior himselfe, that came to my wife in the Scul apparel: at this all the people clapt their hands, laught, and made god game to see how simply the Prior stood, and

And in what a malisie the Scull satte in the Priors abilitments. At this sight the Abbot abash'd, and the Fryers were ashamed: but the Scull nothing amazed, began asore all the people to say thus: By masters quoth he, I was once a Wholler, though I am now a Scull, and then I learned this old saying in Latin, Certe, si non Caste. Live charily, if not chasteily. Be not so forward in your follies, that you discouer your faults to the whole world: and especially was this spoken to men of the Church, soz in that they know much, and do dehort others from vice, the people looks theri lynes and their learning shoudl agree: but when they offend so grossly as master Prior throught his ill example, to bring a whole house in blander, then are they worthy of double punishment: For we know Fryers are men, and I warrant you, there is a great many in England haue done as much to others as he hath to the Smiths wife, and yet haue scap'd without discouerit: I hope my Lord Abbot, if you enter into your owne conscience, you can vertifie as much, and therfore seeing he was so carelesse of his credit, let him soz ever after to annoy perpetuall infamy of the House, be banisht out of the Priory. To this they all agreed, and the people that heard this collation, said Tom Scull was worthy to be Prior, wherepon the Abbot and the Fryers conserueng, and seeing he had god learning, turned away the old Prior and mads Tom Scull Prior in his room: thus was the Prior punisht for his Lechery, the Smith revenged for his Cuckoldry, and the Scull for his blowes, stumbled on a god promotion.

At this merry tale of the Cobler, all they in the Barge laught, and said the Smith was well revenged: yea but quoth the Cobler, as he was made a Cuckold, and with a hennypiece in his head was the poore Smith faine to goe to his hammers, being enoy after noed for a Cuckold throught all Canterbury. There late a Smith hard by, who grieved at this, that he should descent thus upon his occupation, and the rather per chance he tolke Pepper in the nose, because he was of the

same fraternitie, it not with a Prior, yet with soms other god fellow, and therfore in a snuffe he began thus to reply. Why Cobler quoth he, doest thou hold the Smith in such derision because he was a Cuckold? I tell thee Cobler, Kings have wore the hoznes: and tis a fault that Fortune exemption fro man: yea the old Writers have had it in such question, that they haueset downe divers degras of Cuckolds: there be 8. degras, & that I can proue. At this there was a great laughter, and every man desired him to tell what they wers, that I will quench the Smith, they be these:

The eight orders of Cuckolds.

- 1 An ouer-growne Cuckold.
- 2 A Cuckold and no Cuckold.
- 3 A Horne-mad Cuckold.
- 4 A winking Cuckold.
- 5 An Extempore Cuckold.
- 6 A John hold my-staffe Cuckold.
- 7 A Cuckold in graine.
- 8 An Ante-dated Cuckold.

These are the colours grinded, to draw the Cuckolds faces by, now behold the faces themselves.

1 An ouer-growne Cuckold, is a gray Cuckold, an old Ram-headed Cuckold, whose hoznes in their turning are so heaue and crooked, the very tips of them almost run into his eyes. His Cozunto-cap has kept his head warme, some 30 or forty yeares: (so so long his wife has bane an Upholster, and dealt in Feather-beds:) It was a pretty Wit then, the Beast has a racking pace still. If all the Cuckolds in a Parish were to be impaneld upon a Jury, this is their foreman. In a voyage to Cuckolds-Pauen, he steerers the ship, and lands first, the precedency being given him, for the antiquity of his sojourned erst, as having bane a Cuckold ever since he entred into the married-mens order.

2 A Cuckold & no Cuckold, is he whose wife is handsome, faire, and well-favour'd, yet very honest, yet this Bull-calle feares

feares he has Bumpes, yet none can sic them: he still tales
for knobs on his fore-head, but finds none. One that thinkes
better of hornes, than they doe of him. A conceited Cuckold.

3 A horne-mad Cuckold, is a wild Bull, bellowing and
roaring still after his Cow, as if she had a Wix in her tayle,
and ran up and down as mad as he. This Cuckold is a māre
Tom of Bedlam: If in the Shambles a boy cry but piroh, he
starts, stares, and lokes about him, as if his wife were be-
hind him: he sleepes not in quiet, wakes not in quiet, eates
noz drijakes in quiet; if his wife puts but two slingers dainti-
ly into a dish of mince meat, he swearas she makes hornes at
him. He cannot endure to heare of Saint Lukes day, noz of
S. Thomas his night, when the Templiers and Jane-a-
Courts-men, blow their hornes, vnder mens windowes. A
Haw-gelder makes him loke pale: if he passes by a Horners
doze, he loundes, and must drinke Aquavite: this is the sole
of Cuckolds, and most worthy to be laught at.

4 A winking Cuckold, is he, that sits a Cock-Sparrow
tread his Hen, yet goes away and sayes nothing. An honest,
patient ass, that carryas his hornes as willingly, as a Tan-
ners horse carries his masters hides from Leaden-hall mar-
ket. A mere hum-drum John-a-droines: who if he peper in
at key-hole, and sees his wife curnetting, goes sneaking away
like a Dog, with his tayle betwene his legs, with this one-
ly in his mouth, Ah ha, are you there with your
Beares.

5 An Extempore Cuckold, is no riming Cuckold but such
a Block-head, that his wife on her very Wedding day puts
him to spell his name in the Horne-boke. This is a Mellow
Cuckold.

6 A John hold-my-staffe Cuckold, has his hornes so high,
they run through his hat; A rascall-Dere: the basest in the
whole Herd of Cuckolds; A stagge in a City, a Rhinocer-
os for his hornes in his Parish, a Pander in his house, a
flaue every where.

7 A Cuckold cryed vp, is a peulish, scappish, quarrelsome
Piany,

Pinny-hammer, whos so wearis his wife with causelesse jealousy, that in the end she gives him cause: He vpon the least suspition, rwanes sauising vp and downe, and having found his game, (taken the pore whore, his wife, in the manner) what does he, but cry his hornes vp; Arrests his halfe-sha-ter, (his fellow-Commoner) sweares he will make him stand in a white sheet, (when he had done that already) and for his wife he will strike her soundly. In the end, when all the Courts in the Civill Law, hane his name, his head, and his hornes, vpon Record, then hys quiter, takes his wife againe, and every night lockes his Chamber-doore with his owne shewing horne.

8 A Antecedent Cuckold, is a fruit no sooner ripe, but rotten; this is a harmless young Godhead, whg soules himselfe into hornes: the Night-mare rides him, the first houres he's married: for the pore credulous Nicodemus, thinking, he has a sweet white grape, is faine vpon a sorwe one; no wine is gluuen him at his Wedding-dinner but Wassard; and of that his Wyfe has begun to him in a Bowle or two, And at night he may pledges her; if he has no malw, no matter, he's sure of a god Coke, that can bring vp his meat pyring-hot, to his Table. He needstare no poysoning, for he has two or thre tassers.

Thus quoth the Smith you hane heard my degrés, and their exposition: and because I will be quicke with the Cobler for the Tale of the Smith, give me leane a little and you sha' heare a merry jest, but because I will let you know what manner of man he was, before his Tale hears his description.

The Description of the Smith.

THIS SMITH was a quaint Sire,
As merry as Bird on Brier.
Jocund and glesome at euery sith,
His countenance aye, buxome and blith,

His

His face full coaly and full blache,
 Hued like vnto a Colliers fasse,
 Or as if it had beene soile in the mire,
 Full of wrinkles was his cheeke with the fire,
 Well he could sweat and swinke,
 And one that eye loued good drinke,
 For hard by his Porge alwayes stood
 A stond of Ale nappy and good :
 Which made the colour of his nose
 Like to fire when it glowes :
 His head great, his browes bread,
 Able to beare a great Load,
 As no man might hold it scorne,
 On his head to graft a horns.
 His coates were fit for the weather,
 His pitch made of Swines Leather :
 So was his breech, and before
 A dusty apron he woxe
 Wherin not to faille
 Was many a Horshooe nayle,
 And for to fit him every tide,
 Hung a hammer by his side :
 Thus attyred the Smith gan say,
 What besell on a Summers day.

The Smiths Tale.

Containing a pleasant Ieft of a jealous Cobler, and how for
all his suspition, he was cunningly made Cuckold.

 Rumney Parsh by the fles castell, there dwel-
 led a Cobler, a merry fellow, and of his middis
 age: who was wont on working-dayes, to
 chane it out at his weke, and on holyp-dayes,
 to be in his shoope in the Church-yard so mer-
 rily after a crowne, that he was well beloved of all the Coun-
 try menches, and noted for the Rower of good fellowship
 throughout all the Parish. This Cobler keeping thespor
 him

himselfe, had in house with him an old mother of his, who being as it were his seruant, durstong to lye moare at ease, wist him to take a wifte: the Cobler was loach to be per-
suaded to mariage, and the reason was, soz that he feared to be a Cuckold: yet at last he cast his eye on a Country
Lache, that was a blith and bonny wench, and the chiefe of
all the spades in old Rumney: to her was this jolly Cobler
a suitor, and after a little wroting (as women must be got with
praises and promises) the Cobler caught her, and married
they must be in all hast: which done, they lained pleasantly
together, as soles doe presently after their weddung: but af-
ter the hony-mone was pass, she like a god-huswife, fell to
her wokhe, to spin, and card, and such other deedes of huswife-
ry, as belonged to the psonage of her house: the Cobler loued
her well, and she wanted nothing that might satisfie her hu-
mour, only she was charged by her husband, not to goe a-
broad a gossiping with her neighbours: insomuch that ryther
on woking dayes or on holy-dayes, when all the wifes in
Rumney went to be merry, she was faine (as a pore wifes-
ter) to keape home: whiche although she passed ouer with
silence and patience, so yet living his jealousie was without
cause, she boved with her selfe if ever a friend and oppo-
nency serued to her mind, to make him wear the horne an inch
longer than any of his neighbours: but he kept her shott soz
that, soz every day when she was at home, she sat by him in
the shop, where he sung like a Nightingale, having his eye
wener off his wifes face, or if she sat within, her mother in
law, an old jealous woman, boze her company, if she wente to
fetch water, her mother was at her elbow, whatsoeuer this
did, or whiche forre she wente, to be byfete, her husband,
or his mother was at one end, which grimed the young wo-
man: So suspicions and jealous was the Cobler, that all
Rumney talked of his folly: and to here him as they passed
by, would say to him, Ah neighbour, god morrow, now that
you haue gotten a faire wifte, we hope to haue you one of
the Weatherhuds, and that the Cuckold in April, may sic
and

also sing on your house as well as with your purse ~~betwix~~ hours, I fears not that (quoth the Cobler) let her doe her woost, I will give her leane meaning that he kepe such a roost watch over her, that he could not be deceived, and therfore sing every day his wife's sitting by him when he was yerkynge of his shooes, and she at her whelle, then he would chant out this song :

The Coblers Song.

VVMen as the Nobility pull downe their Towers,
Their mansion houses and stately bowers :
And with stone and timber make Hospitals free :
Then the Cobler of *Ramsey* a Cuckold shall be.

When Gentlemen leane off their Peacockly futes,
And that all their workes are charisies frutes :
Tendring the poore whiche needy they see,
Then the Cobler of *Ramsey* a Cuckold shall be.

When Vlurers run vp and downe with their gold,
And give it to them from whom it was pould :
And Colliers sacks over greas you doe see,
Then the Cobler, &c.

When *Westminster*-Hall is quite without Benches,
And Sonibwarks Banke side hath no pretty weasches,
When in Smithfield on Frydayes no Iades you doe see,
Then the Cobler, &c.

When Maides hate marriage, and lone to lise chaste,
Virgins for sooth till fourscore be past,
And bus not that yong men their beauty should see,
Then the Cobler, &c.

When wines are not wilfull but needs will obey,
 When silent and speechlesse they sit a whole day :
 When Gossips doe meet, and no words will be.
 Then the Cobler, &c.

When women's tongues doe cease for to wagge,
 And shooymakers glue not their master the Bagge :
 When Cuckolds and Keepers want hornes for their fee,
 Then the Cobler, &c,

When Tapsters and Ale-wijes from Barwicke to Dousers,
 Fill thirdeinall pots till the drinke doe run ouer,
 When the quart is so full that no froth you can see,
 Then the Cobler, &c.

When Smiths forswaire to drinke off strong Ale,
 And liue without liquor while their nose looke pale :
 When in Vintners wine no mixture you see,
 Then the Cobler, &c.

When Dutch men hate Butter, and the Spaniards pride,
 When Cardinals doe want a Trull by their side :
 When the Pope like Peter humbled you see,
 Then the Cobler of Rymney a Cuckold shall bee.

Every day did the Cobler use to sing this song, and there dwelled next unto him a Smith, that was a tall and a young lusty fellow proper of personage, of a comely visage, courteous, gentle, and redouitable, such a one as this Coblers wife could have wished to her Paramour, if time and opportunity would have fauoured her fancies: and the Smith seeing what a smicker wenche the Coblers wife was, and what a jealous soul she had to her Husband, sorrowed at the good fortune of the Cobler, that he had so faire a wife, and wished that he could find means to haue such a one his friend. Upon this, being next neighbours, and their houses joyning together, the Smith would oftentimes (when his leasure serued him) come

come to the Coblers shop and talke with him; where betwene the Smith and the Coblers wife passed such glances, that he perceyning there was no want but place and opportunity to fulfill ther desires. One day amongst the rest, Fortune so favoured this young couple, that the Cobler went forth to buy Leather, and left his wife and his Mother in the shop: the old woman not having slept the last night, was heavy and fell asleep, and the young woman sat singing at her worke. The Smith perceyning this, layd by his hammers, and went to the stall, where he saluted his Neighbour, and she returned him the like curtesie.

At last, seeinge the old Werdale was sure, he began to reveal unto her, how long he had loued her, and how he was sorry that she was combred with such a one, as for his jealousy, above all other men deserved to be made a Cuckold: sundry spiches passed betwene the Smith and the Coblers wife, till at last she rose, and gane him her hand, that she forned him better than any man in the world: and wold (it beinge occasion to do so) to content him. Then sweet heart (quoth he) doe me but this fauour,Unto to morrow some occasion to ghe to your mother, and come on the mornynge of the day, talk by such meane, and then let me alone for opportunity to satisfie such me deires. So this she agreed, and the Smith went to his shop: presently the old woman awaked, the Cobler came home, and all was forth.

At night, when they were in bed taking him about the moche, she hit him, and told him that certeyn of her frends mact a wroghter for her mother, and that she wold faine go answere them, I pray you god haue mercy (quoth she) let your mother and I go together, I will not part out of her sight, neither will we make any long tariance: the husband said shame could not deny this request, but granted it: wherupon the next morwynge she gat her vp, and on with her holy day apparel, and made her wifing as myght be: the Cobler seeing his wif for right up in her cleane linnen, began to be jealous, and called his mother aside, and charged her by that love the

bare him, not to let his wife part out of her company till she came home againe, which she promised with an oath: so a' way they went, and the Cobler he set him doowen and began to sing.

The Smith that all this day was not idle, had compouned with an old woman, by whose house she must passe, to sauour them with house come, and reuaaled unto her all the matter: whose wife it was, and how he would haue his purpose brought to passe: by my troth Sowme (quoth she) I haue heard much talkes of that jealous Cobler, and I would doe my endeauour to make the Ashe weare a honze: vpon this they resolued, and the litle well of his policie, and laid lone had many shiffts: at last, the Smith spoyed his mistresse all in her bawdry, comming with her mother in law, the old wife was ready, and as she pass by the bawdry, thraw a great bowle full of bloudy water, right vpon her head, that all her clothes and cleane linnen was marred, being so bewrayed that she could goe no further. Alas mistris (quoth the old woman) I cry you mercy, what haue I done? Full soore it was against my will: but for Gods sake come into the house, and shifft you with cleane Linnen: if you haue none at home I will lend you of the best that I haue: goe in Daunger (quoth her old Mother in Law) it is a chace, and against a shrowd turne sometime, no man may he: So goe home as fast as I can, and goe fetch you cleane linnen, the whiles by you your golone, and make all things else ready. I pray doe you me, ther (quoth she) and then away goeth her mother in Law: and as soone as she was out of dores, the old woman led her into an inward Parlour wher the Smith was, and thervs these two Louers by this policie made the jealous Cobler weare the honze.

Whyles thus they were solacing themselves, the side whiche she came stumbling home, and soz haste had like to breake her necke over the choshold, her fall made the Cobler start: and when he saw it was his nushee, and that he mislaid his wife, he was halsē mad, asked his mother hastily wheres

where she was, the old woman shox: wiaded, was almost out
of breath, and for a god space late putting and blotting to
fetch Wind; at last she cryed out alas deere won such a change
as never was heard off: as we went through old Rumney,
hard by the Church, a Woman threw out a boyle of bloody
water right upon your Wifes head, which hath so bewrayed
her linnen and her golwe, that she could go no farther, and
so I as fast as I could, came running home for cleane clothes:
oh for the passion of God mache (qd. he) his to her chesc, and
get her clothes ready, for it may be a fetch to make the pore
Cobler a Cuckold; a horne mother is some grastered with that
the old woman got all inreadinesse, and away ran the Cob-
ler and his mother together. Well the club bouners out at a
little hole kept god Watch and ward, that anon they spyd
where the Cobler and his mother came trudging, in went
his Wif, and late her downe by the fire, wher the Cobler
found her busily stickeing with the old woman in her poricote,
dryng her golwe, as soone as he saw him she wept: and he al-
though he grieved at the mischance, yet soz that he spyd her
take company, he was satisfied, and with her to be content,
and sent soz a pot of bare or rwo to make her drinke: and af-
ter he had seyn all woll, and his Wif in her cleane appa-
rell, setting them a little on the way, home he went againe
to his Shop, and his Wif went to her Mothers, where an
houre or two she past away the tyme in that, and then return-
ed home with her mother in Law. Thus the Cobler was
not suspicous of his Wifnes being abroad, but tolke her mis-
fortunes soz a chace, and the Womach every day according
to his wouned custome, would come and chatte with his
Neighbour the Cobler, and sometime found opportunity to
talke with the Wif, but never out of the Shop: on a day
the Cobler being from home, and the old Woman which
in peyng her hole, the Womach came to the Shop, and
finding her alone, began to lay a Plot, how to make her
Husband a Cuckold, while he held the doze, she promised
she would denile it, she would put it in practice, and so
agred

agred, they concluded between themselves, and they brought it cunningly to passe, thus:

It chanced within a soenight after, that as the Cobler and his wife lay in bed, she fell on a greate laugher, her husband demanding the cause, she made him this answere, I will tell you husband a straunge thing: so it is, that this ocher day, when you went to buy Leather, my mother and I sat in the shop, and she fell fast aslep, your neighbour the Smith, he (as his custome is) came to the wiadow, and seeing my mother a sleepe, began to court me with faire words and large promyses, and told me, that if I would fnde the meanes, that when you were out, I wuld let him ly with me, he wuld gine me sozty shillings. I shak him off as well as I could, but he woud haue no nay at all, but thrawe fourre Angels into my lap, whereupon I tolke the gold, for we thought they were fourre faire peeces, and promised him that to morrow you went soorth and my mother too, and then he shoud fnd me alone in the Chamber. Upon this he went away, and left me the gold, and therfore if it please you, to morrow I think god you shoud faine your selfe to goe abroad and my mother too, and then hid you in a Chamber hard by, and alone as he is come in, you may stand at the doore, and he ar all our talker: and when you heare me consent, then breake in, and take the Smith and swinge him well, and I warrant you husband, there will divers commodities rise of it: for not onely we shall haue this gold, and get more soz amends, but ever after be rid of such a knave.

This motion pleased the Cobler well, and the rather because the Smith hymself to be his great frens, and yet woud like to doe him this disgrace: upon this conclusion they resolved and so fell a sleepe. The next day in the afternoone, the Cobler fained himselfe to goe out, and his mother with him, and after comming home, at a backe doore went vp into the next chamber and hid themselves. By and by according to promise came the Smith: and went roundly vp to the chamber, where he found the Smiths wife: wherefore strait hym-
ting

ting the doore with a bolt on the inside, he fel to set by plumes
on the Coblers head-pace, the Cobler he very easly got to
the doore with a great Pollare in his hand, and began to lē-
ken: with that he heard the Smith offer faire to his wife:
nay quorh she, I haue kept promise with you, for I onely
promised to let you by into my Chamber: Tush (quoth he)
this is but a cantil, and many wōds past betwēne them: the
Cobler and his mother standing at the doore, with her may,
and his yea, till the Cobler had a new bjavantler growne
out of his old hōnes, and then she answered him, saying no-
thing would content him, he shold haue his pleasure: with
that the Cobler was ready to rush in, but that his mother
staid him, and his him heare further: and doest thou meane
god fath, quoth the Smith? yea, wherfore else (quoth the
Coblers wife) came we into this place: why then (quoth the
Smith) heare what I will say to the: Doest thou thinke
though we be hēre in secret, that our faults will not besēne
openly: that though thy husband knowes not of it, and that it
is kept close from the world, that there is not one above that
sees all, and will reuenge it: yes vido strumpet as thou art,
and for this cause came I to cry the: thou hast an honest man
to thy Husband, who loues the moe dearely then himselfe,
and workes hard to sustaine the: that thou haile not wane,
and wile thou in his absence wrong him: Thinke if ever thou
dost, it will come out, and thou shalt be punished with open
shame: I am thy Husbandes dearest friend, with whom I am
dayly counterfante, and doest thou thinke I could find in my
heart to offer him such iniuris? No, and then art not thou
moe to blame, that being the wife of his bosome, wile betray
thy Husband, who is dearer to the, then all friends? Fie
vpon the vild woman, fare the well and amend: I will not
tell thy Husband, valesse I spy the proue light, but I shall
never thinke well of this while I live, and with that he ope-
ned the chamber doore, and the Cobler chopt in, and taking
the Smith by the hand, said, Neighboor I thanke you for
your god counsell, I haue heard all the communication that

past betwene you and my wife, and truly, and with thil the Cobler wept, I am heartily glad I haue such a trusty friend, to whom in my absence at any time, because my mother is an old woman, I may comitt the oversight of my wife: and truly neybor(qd. he) I pray you think never the worse of her, for she tolde me the whols matter, and appoynted me to stand at the doore, that when you shold haue offered her any discourse, I might haue rushit in and haue taken you: so that I perceiue you are as honest as she, and she as honest as you, and that your meanings were both alike. I am glad of that (qd. the Smith) that you haue so vertuous a wife. I hope I done the part of a friend to pleasure my neighbour: you haue doane so (quoth the Cobler) and therfore ere we part will drinke a quart of wine. So the Cobler followed god shires on the Smith, and euer after accompted him for his friend, whensouer he went out of Towne, committed the charge of his wife to the Smith, whos at all times had tris agresse and regresse to the Coblers house, without suspicion.

This Tale of the Smith made all the company to laugh, and the Cobler he was stark mad for anger, saying: that if it had bin his case, he would haue gauen him wine with a cudgell: thus Cobler(qd. the Smith) never thinke but our Art can surpassee yours in such wenching matters, and that the Smith can never make a Cobler a Cuckold, then a Cobler a Smith: upon this they fell to jarres, and from wordz had faine to blowes, if they of the Barge had not parted them: so at last they were quiet, and made friends. And then the Cobler he began to intreat that they would goe sooward in their merry exercise, whereupon a Gentleman sitting by said masters, it is so god to passe away the time, that to continue so honest a sport, I will be the next: & thus therfore I will describe him.

The description of the Gentleman.

His stature was of a middle length,
Well joynted and of a good strenght;

Siken

Siken writes report to vs,
Was that Trous *Troylus* ?
For he was of a comely visage,
And his manners of a courteous visage.
His haire in curled lockes hung downe,
And well I wot the colour was not brownt.
And yet it was full bright and sheene,
Such wote *Paris* I weene,
When he sayled to *Gressia*,
To fetch the faire *Helena*,
His front was of a siluer huse,
Powdred thicke with veynes blude.
His eyes were luminous,
Chrystalline and beanteous,
Gray and sparkling like the starres,
When the day her light vp sparres.
His cheeches like the Lillies white,
Or as *Luna* being bright :
And yet comely thereson,
Was shadowed colour Vermillion,
That gazers all woulden suppose,
How the Lilly and the Rose,
Did maken warre each with other.
His suercoat was of Satten blew,
Like vnto a Louer true :
His Hose were garded along,
With many broad and velvet thong,
His cloake grew large and wide,
And a faire whinniard by his side,
The pumsell gelt and on his head,
He had a bonnet cullor'd red :
An alder leefer Swaine I weene,
In the Barge there was not seene :
And then thus he began to tell,
What in *Cambridge* a Scholler beselt.

Canterburie Tales:

The Gentleman's Tale.

Containing the contrary fortunes that a Scholler of
Cambridge had in his loues.

So the Universitie of Cambridge, in Peters Houghell, there lined a Scholler famous for his Learning called Rowland, who being placed there by his friends, so profited, that he grew to be one of the fellows of the House, being in great estimation for the honestie of his life, and excellency of his learning: he was a man as well proportioned as he was qualified, and had as well bona corporis as he had bona animi, and could as well play the wagge & the wanton abroad, as he could apply his bookes and study at home: amorous he was, and one that delighted to feed his eye with every faire face, which after turned to his great prejudice, thus. It sochuned on a day in the summer season, that for recreatiōn he walked as farre as Cherry-hinton, to sate a melle of Creame, where being very pleasant, as he sat jessing with his hostesse, there came in a Gentleman's Daughter in the towne, a mayd of exceeding beauty, so well proportioned in the lineaments of her face, that nature seemed to try in her an experiment of her cunning. This girl, as wise as she was faire, and as wanton as she was witty, came in and questioned with the hostesse about some busynesse: Rowland seeing such a Nymph come swaping in, thought either Venus or Diana had come in their Country weds to bewitch mens fancies: he cast his eye vpon the excellency of her physiognomy with such a piercēing loke, that lone entring by the eye, so wrog him at the hart, that forsooth fancy her or force he must. Now my yong Scholler could doe nothing but gaze vpon her, for court her he could not, vnsle he shold haue begun to woe her with some words of Art, or some Axiomes of Philosophie. The yong Gentlewoman seeing the Scholler luke so earnestly vpon her, began to blush, and so taking her

her leane of the Hostesse, went her way. The Scholler seeing her gone out of dwres, thought of the old Proverbe : Faint heart never won faire Lady : and thereforee called to her thus : Fair Gentlewoman (quoth he) you may see we Schollers haue little manners, that holding the Pot in our hands, will not make such a Saint as you drinke : how say you Gentlewoman, will it please you pledge me ? The wench hearing such a Scholler-like gratulation, seeing by this salute, that Schollers had read of Loue, more then they could say of Loue: and though they could tell what was Latia for a faire woman, yet coulde neyther wene her, nor win her, turnes back againe, and with a low curtesie thanked him. He off with his coynere Cap, (for he was a Bachelor in Arts) and with a glaunting loke dranke to her : She like a wanton pledg'd him with a smile. Rowland at this taking heart at grasse, kept to her, and take her by the hand, beginning thus to hold her in chat.

Your Towne here (forsooth) of Cherry-hinton, hath made me off play the Trinant, to come hither for Cherries, and as mine hostesse can tell, fall many a messe of Creams haue I eaten in her house, for we Schollers are god companions, and louers he pleasant, especially if we might haue the company of such a faire Gentlewoman as your selfe : Wherefore spistis, if I chance to come to towne to eat a pound of Cherries (if I may be so bold) I would trouble you to take part with me ; and if I met you at Cambridge, the best wine in the Towns shall be your welcome : the wench (that had much adoe to kepe her countenance) thought to sed him with her faire speeches, till she made him as fat as a sole, and thereforee made him this reply. Truly Sir, indeed many Schollers come to Cherry-hinton to eat Cherries : but Sir, you are the first man that ever I dranke withall : for Schollers be so full of their Learning, and fine coarmes, that country wenches cannot understand them, but I for my part, at the first sight like of you so well, that if my leisure serue, when soone you come and please to send for me, I will as long as

I dare beare you company, but now forsooth tyme calls me a-way, and I must begon. With all my heart quoth Rowland but truely we must not part without a kisse, which she willingly toke at his hands, and went home: where as soone as she came, she revealed all to a yong Gentleman that lay in her Fathers house, whos was sure to her: they laughing heartily at the Schollers courting, resolved to make god sport with him ere they had done. But Rowland hee that thought every smile was a fancy, and every maid that laught on him loued him, conjectured assuredly by the familiar curtesie of the Gentlewoman, that she was greatly affectionated towards him: whereupon he began to enquire of his Hostesse whose Daughter she was, of what wealth her Father was, what Children he had, and what Dowrie the mayd was like to haue to her portion, as a man resolued, the woman was already wone, becaus she had ginen him gracious fauours. The Hostesse as well as she could, told him all: whiche done, he payed his shot, and went to Cambridge, where he began altogether to muse on the beauty of his Mistresse, and to lay an hundred plats in his head what were best to be done: at last he resolued to send a Letter to her to signifie his loue: or else to goe him selfe, and to carry two or thre of his fellowes with him, and so to discourse unto her how he loued her; but at the last, he fully determined with himselfe to write unto her: wherefore taking Pen and Ink in his hand, wrote a Letter to her to this effect.

*Rowlands Letter to the faire Mayd of
Cherry-hinton.*

Mistris Marian, Aristotle the great Philosopher; for all his wit, was in loun with Hermia: and Socrates the sage, could not so farre subdue his passions, but that he fell in liking with Zantippa: Schollers as they read much of loue, so when they once fall in Loue, ther is no hoe with them till they haue their Loue. The fairest glasse is most brittle, and the

the best Schollers swaest ouergone with fancie. For an iu-
fance, was not Ouid as depe in Loue, as he was excellent
in Learninge? byng in these compaitions, spakis Marier,
because the other Sunday being at Cherry-hinton, and syng
your swet selfe, I was so overtaken with your beautey and
god behavour, that ever since the remembrance of your face
could never out of my fancie: nor I thinke never shall al-
though I should be droucht in sorgerfull floods of Leth. So-
ing then my affection is so great, I pray you consider of me,
and be not vakhind, but let me haue Loue for loue: and
though here in the Wauuerarie you see me simple, yet my Pa-
rents at home are men of god Parentage, and what I want
in wealth, I shall supply in Learning: Ponder with your
selfe, and read but the lynes and answers of the Phylosophers,
and see how they vied their wises, with what curtesie, how
ever the women were the most masters, and had the hone-
raighty, which they desire. Thus hoping you will consider
of my Loue, desiring you to send me answere, I bid you
farewell.

Yours in dust and ashes, Rowland.

When he had thus finished this Letter, he thought to shew
himselfe somewhat poetical, and thought a Letter was not
woorth a rush baleſſe therewere some verſes at the latter end,
and therefore he affix'd as a Post script this amorous ditty,

Rowlands Song to his Miftris.

Approach in place Pierides,
My vaine in Verle to bend:
Dame Chryſis which ganſt Homer ſucke,
Thy tender tears me lend.

Alomes thou which loue diſt rocke,
In Cradle full of loy:
Eke ſwathe me in thone ſwadling clowes,
Account me for thy boy.

Yea

Canterburiē Tales.

Yea *Naiades* and pretty *Nimphs*,
 That on *Parnassus* dwell :
 Lend me your Muse that I may now,
 My Mistris beauty tell.

How that in Beauty shee doth passe,
Venit the Queene of Loue :
 To whom, if I doe gaine her grace,
 I will bee Turtle Dose.

Therefore my Deere conceiue my griefe,
 And thinke how I doe loue thee :
 And in some lines send mee reliefe,
 For Time and Truth shall proue me.

Thus hoping Pen and Paper shall
 Thy minde to me short tell :
 But Loue mee as I doe loue thee,
 And so my deere farewell.

THUS hauing both finished his letter and his verse, he sent them by a convenient messenger the next Saturday to Cherry-hinton, and that forsooth was his Woskelle : who very orderly sent for the Gentlewoman to her house, and deluerned the letters to her, with earnest commendacions from sir Rowland. The Gentlewoman in outward shew seemed to accept them as gratefully, as she sent them louingly, and so hyed her home : where presently she called for her new betrothed husband, and other Gentlemen her friends, and reuealed unto them how she had receaved letters from her new Louer the Scholler. All they stoked about her, to heare what excellent stusse was contained in so learned a mans letter : but when they heard howlike a Philosophicall scle he wrot, they all in a Synode peremptorily concluded, that the greatest Clarkes were not the wised men : and I marusll of that, quoth one of the company, for two reasons : for the one, I haue heard this old said saw, that Loue makes men Dzatoz, and affections whet-

Whereth on Eloquence: secondly, there was none more amorous then Ouid (yet a profound Scholler) in so much that he wrizt thzæ Wokes De arte Amandi, and so did Anacreon, Tibullus, and Propertius. Pea but, quoth another, as they were schollers so were they well brought vp in the Court, and knew as many exterrall matters, as they did inward Principles: but beware my masters, when a Scholler is once brought vp in the Universities, and hath no other bringing vp but plaine Ergo to plod in, nor conuerseth with none but his Wokes, and then hap to fall in Loue, trax me hez will be as ignozant to wifes, as the Plough-man to dispuse, chinking that wemens fauors are won with figures, and their thoughts ouer-reach with the quiddities of Art: but of all that ever I heard wrizt, this setteth doynce his mind the most simply: and therefore quoth Marian, shall he be answered as foolishly, for I my selfe will be Secretary. Nay quoth divers of the Gentlemen, we will put in our verdit with you: So quoth shee, try but a womans wit: that's knauish enough quoth one of them, and stepping to her standith she bozeth thus.

Marian of Cherry-hinton, to Sir Rowland of Cambridge, healeth.

Well Sir Rowland, I received your letters, wherein I per-
ceiue that Schollers in Loue are like to a sow with pig bu-
der the Apple-tree, which either hastily must have a drab, or else
lose their litter. If I bring in a Country comparison blame
me not, in that I am a country wench, and have none but plaine
country Logick, but whasoeret I wrizt, I meane well. In-
ded rightly you say, that the fairest glass is most brittle, and the
best Schollers sonest pineheda with Loue, whiche I thinke to be
true: for asdone as ever I saw you, how your eyes waited vpon
my face, as an obiect of your delight, I take you to be too wise,
kind and amorous: and therefore foring enet face you haue
beene passionate, it were great pittis that you shold not
have for your paines (even as we see in a honeste proverbe) A
country sackfull of Loue: and tha rather you induce me to think
soell.

Canterburie Tales.

well of you, that you bying in the examples of Arisotle and Her-mia, and of Socrates and Zantippa, whereby you same to pro-mise, that I shall as they had, enjoy the Louer aighty; and that if I be like them in condicions, you will be as suffering as they in patience: yet will I neyther be so proud towards you as Hermia, for she rid Arisotle with a scuttle, like a horse: nor so waspish as Zantippa, for she crowned Socrates with a Cham-ber-pot, but betwix both: and so wishing you hope the best, I bid you farewell.

Yours neuer, if not euer, *Marian of Cherry-hinton*,

After she had done her Letter, that she might come to her no whiche behind him in any god will: she leaned her head on her hand, and in a Portionall fury wrot her Lamer these versos.

Marians Verses to Sir Rowland.

Fare not my deere the stormes of Loue,
For they are passing fower:
And sometime sweet as hony Comb,
And all within an hower.

Like to a Sunne-shine Summers day,
When Phabus shewe amaine:
And yet ere night from tawny Clouds,
Doth fall a shower of raine:

So whatsoeuer chance betide,
Or whatsoeuer fall:
If Father frowne, or Mother chide,
Yet you must beare with all.

For why? the Cuckow doth not come,
In Aprill Month more sune,
Then I will fixe my Loue on thee,
For euer to endure.

Thus wishing thee to think on me,
In Study or in Street:

I bid you heartily farewell,
Till we in Cambridge meet.

Having thus ended her Song and the Letter, she callid the Convocation of the merry Gentlemen, and shewid them her humour in prose, and her vaine in verse: asking if she had done it knauishly enough: yea quoth her betrothed husband, and so exceeding well that you shall stand for fourre and twenty knaves till Christmas next. Tushquoth another, women's wits are like Sheffield knives, for they are sometimes so keen as they will cut a haire, and sometime so blunt as they must goc to the grindstones. That is (quoth the second) when you perswade them to silence or obedience, talke with them but in that doctrine, and they are more dunces.

Then they began to dealeant of women's wit: but the Gentlewoman wily enough, left them all, and went and layd by her Letters till to day sparkid: then she went to his Hostelle, and delivred them to her, earnestly intreaching her, if she laved Sir Rowland to comay that packet to him. The Hostelle promisid her to doe it faithfully, and effectually: and away to Cambridge she went, wherescarce she was seer with her dutor and her milke, but she spyped Sir Rowland come singling downe the Parked hill in his wide breued golone, and his corner Cap, she needed not to call him, for he straight found her out, and she as soone delivred him the packet: sir Rowland thankid her: and away he went to his study to read the contents: but it was so farre to Peters Hostell, and therefore he callid in at a Taverne by the way for a pint of wine, and there he opened the Letter, which when he had read, he perceiued by the tounce and the loued him: for he being simple, perceiued not how she boldid talke with him: taking every jek for a sentence, he thought himselfe the master of all worldly content, and that Fortune could not advance him higher on her whelle, then to have so faire a myrd to his paramour. Then viewed over her verses, and in a suster fashion praised her Poetry, commended her wit: saying, for statute she was Juno, for beauty Venus, for Learning

ning and qualities Pallas : thus in meditation of his letter, and his Lone, late pore sir Rowland, from eight a clocke, till eleven, and then hearing the Hostell Bell ring to dinner, for feare he should lose his halfe-peany chops, he put vp his letter into his pocket, and went his way. After dinner he fel to his old baines : got alone to be solitary, and then late ruminating on the god successe of his lones, accompting it rather to his profession, then his fortune, for he thought none so faire, chaste, nor rich, but a scholler might win with his Logicke : thus he passed ouer day by day, in sending of letters to his lone, and diners times resorting thither, but seldom could he speake with her, so that she fained some excuse ; onely when she ment to laugh, then she was for his company. But it fell out, that one satur-day aboue the rest, sir Rowland met her in Cambridge, and finding her with other of her neighbours, saluted her, and would needes welcome her to the Tabone with a pint of Wine, which she took very kindly, that shee might loth him vp still in his vaine hope, and forsooth to the Taberne shee and her compantions went with him, where they had god game at our Cambridg tower : but Marian taking him aside, told him that her fater and her mother had intelligence of their lones, and as farr as shee could conjecture, it was by his hostesse : therefore she wold him not to make her priuie to his secrets any more ; nor to come to Cherrystone but when she sent for him, which shold bee as often as opportunity would serue, hoping, though her fater now were not so warden, yet in time he wold consent, & specially if he saw him master of Artes : with this the scholler rested satisfied, & they dranke their Wine and departed. Thus betwene them passed on all the Summer, till the deepe of winter, about Christmas, when she on a time and the rest of the Gentlemen, desirous to be pleasant, determined to haue somesport with the Scholler, and so caused Marian to send a letter for him, that he shold come that night & speake with her : which she did, and he (poore soule) no sooner received it, but in all hast bled him in the frosty evening to Cheryhinton, where when he came, he straignt spake with Marian, and she wold him to lay in an old Barn,

while

while her Father was at Supper, and then she would conney him into a backs Court, where he shold walke hard vnder the Chamber doore, and then when her father were in bed she would let him in. The Scholler stood there a while, and Marian came strait and conducted him into a square Court, where Rowland rested him till her father shold goe to bed. The night grew darke, and with that passing cold, so that Rowland waxed weary of his standing, and wished that her father were in bed: there stood the pore Scholler shaking and trembling in his joynts, till it was eleuen of the clocke: then saw he light at the doore, and he heard Marian call him: oh blessed houre thought he, that now I shall goe both to a god fire and to my Loue. Sir Rowland (quoth he) be still a while, my father and my mother is gone to bed, but my brother and two Gentlemen more, are by at Cards, and they haue but a set to play, and then they will to their rest: alas sweet hart (quoth he) I am almost starved for cold, yet the hope that I haue to enjoy thy presence, doth comfort me, that I take all things with patience. The Gentlemen that stood hard by and heard all this, laught at the Scholler, and by they went againe to their Chamber to be merry, but still walke pore Rowland, beating his hands about him for cold, and expecting still whē his Louer should call him: well, there he trauelest his ground still like a Pery-patecian, and only had the sight of the Heauens to contemplate, till it was about one of the clocke, and then came they all downe again to laughe, and asone as he saw the Candle at the chinke of the doore, he began to be comforted, and came thither, shaking and beating of his teeth so soze, that he could not speake. Wheres are you sweet hart (qd. he) alas, how soray am I for thy distresse, thinke that the hart in my belly is as cold so griefe, as thy joynts are with the frost, faine would I haue the come in, but the losers will not part play, and so they sit still, therfore I hope thou will weigh my credit. Oh Marian (qd. he) & his teeth jarred one against another, that they could scarce vnderstand him, I am like to perish with cold, yet were it twice as frosty, & the night thrise as long, I would walke here rather than pasure thy disparagement: gramercy sweet Loue

lous (quoth she) and with that we bid him be still a while, and the Gentlemen all fell a laughing, to heave how kind a sole the Scholler was, and with what patience he bid penance : Oh , quoth the one of them, that is but an experiment of his Phylosophicall principles, for he readeas in Tully :

Non oportet sapientem in aduersitate dolere concidere.

I (quoth the second) and Mimus Publius gives him this Counsell.

*Aduersis proba, ut fortunam, cum necesse fuerit,
Patienter insultantem feras.*

You say well (quoth the third) but let him for me make instances of himselfe for such axiomes , I will rather be a warme sole, than so cold a Philosopher. Thus they gan descent by on the poore Scholler's mistery , till the Clocke stroke thre , and then as they were comming downe , they heard a noyse at the doore , which was this poore Rowland , creeping under the shade for warmth, his teeth beating so loude, y they might heare them easly by the staires, all this moved not my young Missesse to pity, but increased their laughter. Assone as he heard them comedown the staires almost dead, he called out, who is there ? Oh sweet heart, it is thy Marian, quoth he. Then for Gods sake, quoth Rowland, take pity of my life, for I am almost dead, doe but open the doore, and let me sit here upon the staires, that I may haue some shelter from the cold. Alas, quoth he, sweet loun, thou shal and thou wile, but when the doore is opened, it makes such a noyse, that it wakens the whole house. Rather quoth he, let me suffer death then you be discredited , for if I were to abide the stone of Sisyphus, the whelle of Ixion, the gripe of Prometheus, and the hunger of Tantalus, yet had I rather pocket by all these tortures with patience, than bring thy credit with in the compasse of the least preindice : at this perion she left him, and by they went, smiling at the constancie of Rowland. The Gentlemen they were sleepie, and went to Bed, and Marian, (as farre as I can conjecture) thongh it were somewhat before

before the marriage, that night made tryall of her new betrothed husband, wherefrom thre, she lay with him till sixe, and then it waxed daylight, and she rose: and remembryng her louer went downe, opened the doore, and found him almost soncelesse: there wiping her eyes as though she had wept, she persuaded him that she was the most sorrowfull woman in the world for his sharpest frosty night he had suffered, protestynge shewas faine into an ague for feare and griefe she had takon to see him in such distresse, and could by no meanes redresse it: but god Rowland (qd. she) he concom, hie thre to Cambidge, & take some hot braches, least by this meanes thou fall into a sicknesse, and then for feare I dye: no qd. Rowland, and he could scarce speake or gas, feare not me, for the hope of thy after favours will ke a sufficient comfort for me: and with that taking his leave, for his cold nights worke he had a kisse, and so departed. Well, as weak as he was home he scummled, and got to his Chamber, and discouered to a friend of his, how he was like to perish of an extremecold he had taken, if he did not so much for him as to get him a Physician, who straignt went and brought him a Doctor, that with inward portions, and outward ayres and dngments so wrought him, that he recovered him to his former health, although very hardly: for he was so frozen in his loynes, and so nippid in his muskels and sinewes, that if his Physician had not bene god, he had perished. It was almost a quarter of a yere before Rowland was frolicke againe: in which time Marian thinking she had lost her louer with a mut, sent him a present of apples to winne him againe, which he received so gratefully, that he balewed the two of them woth a Fellowship, eating them with an extraordinarie taste, that he imagined them as sweet as Ambrofia, and all, for that they came from his Marian. Thus continued Rowland in his amorous humoure, but till such time as Marian forswyth must be married, and for that it was Aduent, there was no asking in the Church, but they procured a Licence the day before. As he and the rest of her friends, which were invited to the Huptials, were merrily jesting, oh Lord (quach she) I had almost forgot my selfe, to morrow must be

be the Wedding, and the Wido is yet at Cambridge: why Gentlemen it were no bargaine if Rowland were not here, therefore quoth she, I will send for him, and lay such a plot that he shall be with vs all Dinner, and yet taste none of our meat. I pray you quoth her Husband, let vs see your cunning in that. Alas quoth one of the Gentlemen, þow Rowland is credulous, and whatsoeuer Mistris Marian saith, he thinkes it is Gospele, but if he will be so simple, as to think that his last nightis worke is not a sufficiënt warning, he is worthy of whatsoeuer befalls. Well, upou this Marian sent for him, and come he did in the Evening: where, to make my tale shor, she made him to walke in his wooned stacion till one of the Clocke, then she let him in to a god fire, where he well warmed himselfe, and she lovingly sat by him, discoursing of the last nightis worke that he abode so patiently: at last she commanded the maid to lay the cloth, that they might haue some quelque chose for a vere supper, which they went busily about: soz Rowland said, he was very hungry. As the cloth was layd, and they ready to sit downe, the wench came running in, and said that her master was rising, and setting the light of the fire, was comming into the Parlor. Alas, what shall I doe quoth Marian? Hide me somewhere quoth Rowland, whiles he be gone to Bed. Come quoth she, here stands a new trunck and a large, come, ship into it, and I will soz a while take vp the fire, and go to Bed, while the old man be faine asleepe: with that Rowland wippe into the Cranke, and the lockt him in, and straighte in a pleasant humour, went to her new Husband, where she lay all night, and left Rowland safe shut vp for startung. Still lay he expecing when she should come: but hearing nothing, and extremely weary, soz very griesse he fell asleepe till the next morning.

When the þore Scholler awakte, and entred into considera-
tion where he was, he began to be halfe in suspition that he was
mockt and abused: Will he lay patiently, till he heard them of
the house say, God morrow Mistris Marian, God send you a
god day to day: the Sunne shines faire, you shall haue a clere
day

day to your Wedding. This word went as cold to his heart as a knife, that Marian should be married, and he made a sole to suffer such disparagement of his credit: yet as before he was patient in extremes, and so resolute with content to see the success of his abuse. Well, to Church gaſe the Bridegrome, and the Bride, with all their friends attendants, and married they were with great solemnity: this done, home they come to Dinnere, and after they were set and placed in the Parlour where this Trouke was, they fell to their Meats, which were very sumptuous. The Gentlemen bidding reach downe the Pig, the Capon, Galle, Swan, Turkey, Pheasant, Witour Venison, and such dainty eates: all this heard Rowland, and being passing hungry, wished he had a leg of the worst of them in his hand: till he lay almost famished and smothered, till the tables were taken up, and boord shifte, and they fell to dancing. All this heard Rowland, and hearing the musick, fell asleepe unwillynge time, and then he awakte, and heard how they layd the Tabbles, and went to Supper, where they were passing pleasant, and the more, for that they meant to make spoyle with Rowland after Supper was done, which continued not long, for they made the more haste, for that they meant to bee merry. When the cloth was taken up, the Bride fetcht a great sigh: what wife quoth the Bridegrome, why sigh you? In a dumpe: repeate you of the match? No (quoth she) but I haue a blot in my Conscience, and now before you all I meane to geneale it. I was once beloved of a Cambridge Scholler, who loued me eareily and suffered much for my sake: then from point to point he recompted unto them the whole discourse of his loues and fortunes passed betweene Rowland and her, whereat the company had god spoyle.

A man he was (quoth she) wise, proper and well proportioned: and for profe, take this key, open that trunke (quoth she) and you shall see his picture.

Rowland hearing this, arm'd himselfe to suffer all, and so the Trouke was opened, and he rose out like Lazarus from his grane. God Lord (quoth the company) what is this a Spirit?

In nomine Iesu vnde venis & Epurgatorio (quoth Rowland.)
 And with that all the people laught whyle they could st: At last
 when they were weary with laughing Rowland had sleuce, he
 boldly sayd: Thus I am glad Geulemen, that my mishap hath
 mads you so merry, and that Mistresse Bvide hath so large a
 platus song to run descant on, Cauete Empor; this is but a
 Comedie, but looke so; a Tragedie whensoeuer it sais. And
 so he went out of the doze soze ashamed that he had such a kind-
 ly scotte. The company laughi well, and he patiently went
 thinking how fortunate a man he shold be, if he might live to
 reuenge. Rowland at this misfortune had an insight into the
 world, and began to ware wiser, that in short time he began
 to haue as much knowledge in worldly affaires, as in his boke,
 and was (for his god behavour, and pleasant wit) highly had
 in estimation, not onely amongst Schollers, but amongst
 Townesmen, that in al the Uniuersite he was called the
 Gentlemaulike Scholler. Living thus in god credit, and yet
 discontented, because fortune favoured him with no opportunity
 to reuenge: it so fell out at length, that Marian comming eue-
 ry wike to Cambrids, espyed amongst the Schollers, one
 whom she cast her eye on, and thought him the properest man
 in the whole Uniuersite: Well, he counted it but a glance,
 and thought as lightly to passe it ouer, as it sleightly entred:
 but she found Loue, though he outred i aby grant of curtosie,
 yet he wold not be thrust out by force of extremite; insomuch
 that she could not content her selfe without, but with the sight
 of her new friend, which was done so manifely that the Schol-
 ler perceived it, and aiming at the fairest, one Saturday luring
 her in the Market, offered her a quart of wine, which she tooke
 gratefully, and began to be very familiar with him, insomuch
 that before they past, force of Loue made her so shamelesse, that
 she was content to yes to his request, so that time and place
 would serue without the disparagement of her credit.

Upon this they concluded, that Master Awdrey (so; so we will
 call him, shold grow familiar with her Husband, and by that
 meanes, shold haue a better meanes to the quieting of his
 mind.

wind. Upon this determination they departed, and he so brought it to passe, that he not onely was acquainted with her Husband, but so familiar that he would carry Master Awdrey ofte from Cambridge with him to Cherry-hinton, and I hope you dse imagine he was no little welconie Guest to his wife: Being thus ficed in this in their passions, onely watching for place, and lingring off the tyme, at last it was concluded, that she should come on a Saturday to Cambridge, and taine to stay with a Blisewoman of hers that dwelt in the Towne, and so lye with her all night: this stod for a sentence, and so the next weeke was decreted. In the meane time it so fell out, that Master Awdrey and Sir Rowland being of great acquaintance, and such private familiars, that nothing was holdeyn to secret betwene them. Master Awdrey smothering this joy in himselfe, thought to pertake it with his friend: and so as he and Sir Rowland were walking, he revealed unto him the lone that had past betwene him and Marian, and on Saturday was the night when his posse should come into esse, desiring him to tell him where he might hane a House fit for such a purpose. Sir Rowland hearing this, smild, which made Master Awdrey to enquire the cause of his laughter: whereupon setting downe upon the grasse, he began to recount unto him the whole discourse of his Loues with Marian, and what sundry abuses he suffered at her hand, to the great and beter infamie of Schollers. M. Awdrey hearing this, sat a great while in a pale, at last he said, and will women be Crocodiles, to wepe rose-water and vine-gar at one tyme, stil delay in extremes, to loue without reason, and hate without cause? Oh the follie of men to be such, to such painted Sepulchers, whose painted heachs hold leaden blades, whose skins are glazious like Panthers, but haue deuouring paunches. By that God that drew that infortunate female from that fortunate Adam, I hate her as extrely as I loued her earnestly: and I will not onely yeld the opportunity to reuenge, but Ile joyne issue with the to performe it to the vermost.

At this Rowland was tickled with inward joy, and taking Awdrey in his armes, proffered such humble service for that friendly promise, as ever should lye in his ability to execute. Thus in this determination of reuenge, they cross the fields to Trompington: and there they eat a messe of Creams, whither by chance came one of the Proctors, with whom both Rowland and Awdrey were very familiar: him they had in, and made as god chare as such a simple Ale-house could afford, and thers in private revealed to him all their practice, desiring his furthrance in the matter. The Proctor promised to dos what in him lay for the execution of this merry action, and there amongst them they laying and conserning the plot, they went altogether home to Cambridge, where they past away the time pleasantly till Saturday came: and then according to promise was Marian there, and met with Awdrey, who entercained her with all the curtesie that he could, spending the day at the Tauerne whiles night came, and then he carried her to the house appoyned, such a Subaudy domus as was fit for such a purpose: and there they suppt. In the meane time Rowland had sent a Letter to her Husband in Awdreys name, that his wife being not wel, was faine to stay at her kinswomans all night, and desired him to come to her the next moraing, and that her father and the rest of the Gentlemen would come with him, for that they should see Rowland taken in bed with a pretty wench. This Letter in all haste was conuoyed to Cherry-hinton to her husband, who reading the contents waxed somewhat tealous, because he had seene her familiar curtesie betwix Awdrey and his wife, and thought Dehollers were sic fellowes, and could denise many Sophistications to make a man a Cuckold, but he concealed his suspition to himselfe, and shewed the Letter to his Father in Law, and the rest of the Gentlemen, who as they sorrowed his wife was not well, so they were all glad to see such a comfayll fortune of Rowland: her husband taking every wod for his advantaige, said, he would be there by fourre of the clokke to see Rowland taken vp. Thus they all agreed, and were gone by two of the clokke, where we leue them comming to Cambridge:

and

and againe to Marian, who after Supper sate vp late, but Aw-
drey fill her full of Wine till she was almost drunke, that she
was very heaue, and desired to goe to Bed, which she did, and
was no longer layd but she fell aslepe, and Awdrey slipping out,
put out the Cande and sent in Rowland, and bade him now
goe to his spistris: he went into the Chamber, and lockt the
dore: and Master Awdrey stole out of the house, and went to
his Chamber, leaving Rowland with his Paramour: where I
think moe for enuy of the man, then for Loue of the woman,
perhaps he duhd him oue of Paris Priesthood, howsooner it was
he descryed not how it was, but both fell aslepe: on the mor-
row by fours of the Clocke, was Marian's husband, her Father
and the rest of the Gentlemen at Peters Hostell, wheres finding
the Gare open, they went to Master Awdreys Chamber, and
rayled him vp, who quickly slipping on his cloathes, welcom-
med them, and went with them to find out the Proctor, who
watching for their comming already, was with a dozen Ma-
sters of Art well appointed walking in the Court-yard, and
presently went his way with them, and came to the house wheres
Rowland lay: the Proctor knockt, and bade open the dore:
who is that quoth the god wife? The Proctor quoth he: open
the dore and that quickly, or I will beat it downe: the God
man came stumbling downe in his shire, and the god wife was
so amazed that she could not remembre to tell her guests. The
Proctor came in, and by the direction of Awdrey, went straignt
vp to the Chamber: whs be here (quoth the Proctor:) None
sir (quoth he) but a stranger and his wife: beat it open with a
Halbert quoth the Proctor: and with that for haste Marian's
husband ran against it, and the wome fell downe and he in-
to the Chamber: with that Rowland couered her close, and step-
ping out of the bed in his shire, asked what they meant. Ah
sir Row land (quoth the Proctor) I am sorry I haue diseased you
this moerne, I thought full little to haue found you here, what is
the cause you lye out of the Hostell to night? Truly sir (quoth
he) I was late abroad this night, making merry with my
friends, and so I was faine to take vp my Lodging here. How

doe you sir Rowland, quoth Marians husband and her father, I
 marnell wé sée you not at Cherry-hinton. Oh masters quoth
 hēs, when thers is another Comedy to play, loke for me, but if
 you remember, I promist you a Tragedie first, when that is
 studied, I warrant you I will visit you: þowz Marian lying in
 Bed, and hearing all this how she was betrayd, and had layue
 with Rowland all night, and how her Father and her Husband
 were there present, thought surely now Rowland to the bitter-
 most would be reuenged vpon her, so that she fell into a great
 sweat for feare. The Proctor that had his Lesson taught him,
 said, well sir Rowland, had it bene any other but you, that had
 beens taken aboord, and in such a suspected house, he shold haue
 gone to the Towle both: but since you haue no other company,
 fare well. Awdrey fogg'd vpon Marians husband, and as they
 were ready to goe out of dores, tush sparter Proctor (quoth he)
 but I maruaile you examine not who it is that lyes with him,
 it may be a þetty wench. What? is there one lyes with him?
 Yea, marry is there sir (quoth he) and with that stapping to the
 Bed, threw off all the cloathes, and ther's lay his wife in her
 smocke.

Sante amen, quoth Rowland, who is heere?
 Haue you seene such a chance this yeere?
 What a Woodcocke come so soone,
 From Cherry. binton to Cambridge before noone,
 And found a Cuckowes nest
 Is this Masters (in earnest or in Iest ?)
 That Rowland so earely in a morne,
 Should make a knaue weare the horne:
 What man! Be not agast,
 For you cannot call backe that is past.

At this all the schollers fell a laughing, and sir Rowland sat
 him downe in his shirt (and to make the matter vp, that it might
 be a right blacke Santes) while they laught, cryed Cuckow.
 The Gentleman lesing his wife, and the Father his daughter,
 they

they were in such a maze, that they stood as men senselesse: they fell out a weyng, the Schollers a laughing, the Gentlemen a fighing, and still Rowland kept his wench, and cryed Cuckow: at last Rowland began thus. Why you my masters and friends of Cherry-hinton, did I not promise you a Tragedie, and haue I not now brought it to passe? I hope this Dame, and you all, remember my strokis night, and how I was brought out of the Trunke: now am not I revenged well, haue I no: had my pen-ny worths? Yes villaine (quoth the Gentleman) and first the whose shall dye: and with that drawing out his Rapiere, he would haue kild her: but the Proctor stayd him, and shs pro-tested she knew not how she came there, but thought shs had bene at home in her bed. Upon this all the Schollers perswa-
ded the Gentleman, that Rowland did it by Negromancie, and that if she wers the honestest woman in the wold, Magicke were able to doe as much: Rowland soz very pittey affirmd it: and so they perswaded him not to wade further in the matter soz his owne credit, but to clap it vp with silence. She wept, and wrung her hands, and her father sat and shed teates: but at last, by perswasion of the Proctor, and the other Schollers, Row-
land and he soz all this were made friends: his wife and he a-
greed, as a man perswaded she was faultlesse, and that it was done by Negromancie: and so all merrily went to the Tauerne and drunke, they going to the Colledge, and he to Cherry-hin-
ton, with full resolution never moze to let his wife come to Cam-
bridge, soz fears of the Schollers Art Magicke.

This Tale made them all heartily laugh, every one com-
mending the policie of the Schollers that had inuened so god a
reuenge. The Cobler he marked all very diligently, and swoze
there was not a moze sound Histozie in all the Legenda aurea:
well, it made all the Barge merry, yet seeing they began to be
all in a dumpe, one cryed who is next? marry that am I (qd.
the Scholler, and he began to settle himselfe, whom I can best
descriue thus.

The Description of the Scholler.

A Man he was of a sober looke,
 Giuen much vnto his Booke :
 For his visage was all pale,
 As Clarkes tellen this tale,
 That mickle study makes men leane,
 As well as doth a curst queane,
Apollo radiant and sheene,
 His patterne long had beene :
 For well skild was he
 In verses and in Poetry.
 In Palmeeric he had some lore,
 In other Artes mickle more,
 Mickle could he say at each stenen,
 Of the liberall Artes seuen,
 Of the Welken and the Axle-tree,
 Wheron the Heavens turned bee :
 Of *Mercury* and *Charles* waine,
 And of the *Beares* twaine:
Calisto and her Sonne conueyed thither,
 Which to Sea-men shew the weather :
 When *Nepusnum* with his Mace,
 Will make smile *Amphitrites* face.
 Many other matters of Sophistrie,
 Could this Clarke in secrecie.
 He could also speake of Loue,
 Of *Paphos* and of *Venus* Dore,
 And perhaps though he were a Clarke,
 Yet he could skill in the darke,
 As well as a man of Lay degree,
 To dally with a Wench in priuitie.
 His Attyre was all blacke,
 But why doe I longer clacke ?
 This Clarke gan report
 His Story in this sort.

The

The Schollers Tale.

Containing the sundry misfortunes that two *Sycilian Lovers* had, and how at the end, their passionate sorrowes came to a pleasing successe.



Wen the King of Tunis was beaten out of his Kingdome, and sought to enter againe by force, Iacomine Pierro, and Alexander Bartolo, two noblemen of Sycilia, and both of Palermo, for the god will they bare the King, prepared certayne tall Barkes, and with their ayd, mangre his enemies, placed the King againe late in his kingdome: which done, they returned againe to Palermo. This Iacomine Pierro had a wonne called also Iacomine, and this Alexander had a daughter called Katherine, these two being neighbours children fell in Love together, insomuch, that Iacomine noting the beauty of Katherine, steyng with his eys her outward excellencie, and bearing with his eares her inward vertues and perfections, entred with such depe insight into her qualities, that he raignod in himselfe, he and none but he, should be the Goddesse of his Affections: and on the other side, Katherine steding her eye with the desired obiect of his person, and with delight pleasing her eare with the generall fame that ran through all Sycilia of his curte, ste, assabilitie, and valour, determined that none but Iacomine should enjoy the flower of her beauty. These two Lovers being such a sympathy of agreeing Passions, lined a long while with looks, bashfull both to discouer the essence of their Loues: yet at last Iacomine taking heart at grasse, finding one day fit place and opportunity, discoursed unto her, how erer since his yeres could entertaine any amorous thought, the idea of her beauty and vertues remained imprinted in his heart so depeley, that none but she could satisfie the end of his incessant desire: which was no other, then the honest and honourable content of mariage. Katherine who was as willing as he was desirous, told him, that vpon that condition, whensoeuer their Parents should

I

agree,

agre, . she was ready to be at his command. Thus they wrode and ended, and all in a shorȝ space, for that time parting with a kisse. This sweet consent of thonghes continued a long time betwene these two Lovers, insomuch that Iacomine resolved shorȝly to breake the matter to her Father, to whom he knew the match would be most pleasing, for that old Iacomine and Alexander loued together as Brothers.

Whiles thus these two Lovers held their demand in sus-
pence, therewile a deadly jarre betwene the house of the Iaco-
mines, and the family of the Bartolos: insomuch, that not one-
ly all Palermo, but almost all Sicilia was in an vproare: for
each tooke armes against acher, and being men of great Paren-
tage, friends tooke parts, and they began to bandy, that they fell
to a flat ciuill dissencion. This disagreement betwene the Pa-
rents, although it was a heart-breake to the two Lovers, yet
could it not at all disparage their affection, but the greater the
matinie, the deeper was the impression of their minds. But
by this meanes their meeting was hindered: yet Loue being
a priuy searcher of secrets, found them out a creuse betwene
two Walles, which parted their Housles, and therewile sometimes
they met and parlyed, hoping still some end would grow to this
dismall dissencion; but as the fire encreaseth with the Wind, so
this jarre grew greater by time, that the Lovers lost all hope
ever to haue content of Parents: insomuch, that wholly in des-
pair of an unitie, they concluded to forlake Sicilia, and to goo
into Spaine, where they had boch friends, and thereto remaine
till their Families were accorded. Upon this resolution, Iaco-
mine prouided him a Warke, and layd it ready in the Hauen, and
wheath the Wind and waether was faire, gaue a watch-word to
Katherine, and so got her aboard, boyled Hayles, and away they
made towards Spaine: they were not long gone, but they were
missed, and by all possible conjectures knowen to be slipt away
together, for divers maner of stances were reported of their
Loves. The Fathers fell boch into deepe passions, Iacomine
haunting but one Hounse, and Bartolo but one Daughter: pena-
the griefe of their bakynge departynge did so wroke in their Fa-
thers

ther's minds, that each intended moxe mischiese to other, as it were in revenge, that the broules grew hotter. But as they dissented, so thele two louers accorded every way, looking for no other haven, but y Coast of Spaine: but Fortune that delights to shew her selfe in y variable accidenta of Loue, brought it thus to passe. They han not sayled thre dayes from Sicilie, but that therell fell a great calme, and certaine Gallies that were kners vnder the King of Tunis, espyed this Sicilian shyp, and thinking to haue some riche prize, wades out, and gane onset, commanding them to yield; the Sicilians (being calme) could not make way fram them, but yet althougt to waake, stonely denied to be bounden, and fought it out to the bitermost, chieflly Iacomine, who was soze wounded: but at last, they of the Gallies entred, and bestowed the Mariners vnder hatches, and then went to riste the shyp, where they found Katherine all blubbered with teares, and almost dead for feare, her they took for all her pittfull shrikes and cryes, conneyed her into the Gallies: which Iacomine seeing, tok so heauily, that he was ready to die for griefe, but so soze he was hurt, that sur he could not, but was faine to suffer her vnde carried away, whiche the mercy of he fames pleased to transpor特 her: when they had riste the shyp and found nothing but pallingers, away they went with faire Katherine, determining with themselves to giue her for a present to the King of Tunis, whom they knew did loue a faire woman moze than holde his Kingdome, and so faire a creature as Katherine, they were sure he never saw before.

Upon this they made sayle toward Tunis, and when they were arrived, the Capteine of the Gallies causing her to dresse her in her richost attire, wone with her to the Kings place, where when he was admitted to his Highnes presence, humbly on his knies he craned patrouse, as one that contrary to his maisties lawes had bene a Rouser and a Piracie on the Seas: but now loaching that course of life, was come to submit himselfe, and having taken that Gentlewoman as a prize at Sea, desired his maistey to accept her as a present. The King whiles the Piracie was telling his tale, kept his eye still on

the Gentlewoman, whose beauty he found such, that he thought her some heavenly creature shrowded in some mortall carcas. The King not onely thanked the Pyrate for his present, but gaue him frē pardon, and a Letter of Part, with many other rich grifts, so that he returned richly rewarded, and then entuning him to Katherine, he tooke her in his armes, kist her, and gaue her such entertainment as in all Royaltie his could. But nothing could make her cease off ston teares, hauing still her Iacomine in remembraunce, which she held for dead, which the King perceiving, commandred that she shold be carried to a Pallace of his, standing fast by the Cittie wall, and there placed and attened upon with all diligence, vntill she myght be comforted, and chiche when it pleased him, he would haue recourse. Dwected in that house, there she led a solitary life, walkynge her chiches alway day with teares for her poore Iacomine, who likewise wounded as he was, was brought to Tunis, and ther lost in the Chyngions hand, where he was healed: As soon as he myght well goe, he went as a man forlorn by and aboune the Cittie, walking alway where sholde myghte be Katherine: wherupon he resolued to passe from place to place, & so to end his dayes intranell, if he did not by warrow inquisition finde her out: getting therefore his bag and baggage in a readynesse, he was going out of Tunis: And as he passed out of the Gates, he cast his eye by to the House where Katherine was, who at that time was looking out of a Casement, he spyng her, and thinking it shold be she, was in a myze. Katherine seeing him, and thinking him to be her Iacomine, was almost ready to fall downe in a swoone: thyn now the two Lowed at gaze; at last Iacomine called Katherine: Iacomine (quoth she) and with that she clapt her fingers on her mouth and made a figure, that for that time he shold depart. Backe againe went Iacomine to his Holles, as merry a man as myght be, and ther staid till it was somthing late in the evening, and then going to the palace, sought round about the house, and ther found a backe winchow into a Garden, where they myght communyonly talk; he had not stayed ther long, but Katherine came to the winchow,

sold, and there, after a vally of sighes, quenched with teares, they began to discouer their fortunes since their departure. Katherina told unto Iacomine, how she was ginen by the Pyrates to the King for a present, and how he had placed her there, reserving her for one of his Concubines, and that she looked every houre, when he wold come to delivere her. Therfore (quoth she) Since we are man and wife, and as we haue lived togeher, even so let vs dye together, and enjoy thou the chastity of that body, whose soule hath bereue ever thine in all amities: I respect not the King, nor what his Loxtures can do, therefore at night come hicher in this place, when it is darke, climbe by on the Wall, and so on this Trewe, and thou mayst easly come into the Casement, which for the same purpose thou shalt find open. At this motion Iacomine was glad, and so departed, and at the clime appointed, came: and being made more nimble by Loue and desire, he leapt by the wall lightly, and so into the Trewe, and from thence into the Casement, where he found his Katherina ready to receive him: banquer him she could not, least any might heare, but reall he did with kisses, whencesoever she might afford to his amorous brestes, so that in the end, to bed they went, and thoro with pleasure recompenced their former misfortunes.

Loue having thus advanced her Champion: Forzene enuying their happiness, meant to haue one siling moze at them, and brought it to passe, that the King that night resolved to haue the company of Katherina, and therfore after all his Loxds were at rest, toke with him his Chamberlaine, and certaine of the Guard, and went to the place where she lay: comming in by a bucks Gate, haung boyles for every doore, at last opened the Chamber where she was, and there drawinge the Curtaine to behold his Goddesse, he saw where she lay with a young man in her armes fast aslope: the King for anger was ready to haue kill him, but yet he did qualifie his strey with a roiall patience: and called his Chamberlaine, and the rest of the Guard, and shewed them this sight, demanding of them if any knew the young man: they all answere, no: but supposed he was some

stranger. The King straight commanded that certaine of his Guard shold watch them, and asson as they awak't, carry them to Prison, and let there in the midle of the Market place be erected a great stake, and in the afternoone there let them both be confunmed with fire: the Guard obeyed the Kings Comandement, and he went away in great choller, and highly discontented. The King departed, these Lovers slept swarthy till the morning, and then they awoke, where presently they heard a rustling of men, that straight told them how the King was there, what had happened, and what he had commanded: thereloe they made them rise, and then bound them, and carried them away. The two Lovers were no whit dismayed at this newes, but embracing and kissing each other, comforstid themselves in this, that they shold as they liued together so dye together, and that their soules nor bodies shold never part.

Straight were they carried to Prison, and the stake was a prouiding, wherenpon the rumour of their burning came about the City, that against the houre appointed all the City were gathered together, and soch at last was Iacomine and Katerine brought, and bound to the stake backe to backe: They earnestly desired that they might be bound face to face, but it could not be granted, which grieved them: but they comforstid themselves with chefull myndes, resoluing to suffer death with patience. All the City was gathered together, and stood gazing on them, and pitting them that so swet a couple shold fall in such fatall extremity: the pore soules ashamed and hanging downe their heads, expecting every minunce the beginning of their Martyrdome. As thus the fire was ready to be brought, came the Lord high Admirall of Tunis by, and seeing such a concourse, demanded the cause: the people told him as much as they knew. He on his fot-cloth came to the Stake, and looking vpon them, seeing them so louely, asked of them, of what Countrey they were: Of Sycilia sir, quoth Iacomine. Whiche that the Admirall hearing earnestly in his face, called to his remembrance the fauour of old Iacomine his fader. Of what place in

Sycilia,

Sycilia, my friend; quoth he of Palermo: Why name quoth the Admirall? Iacomine quoth he: Why thou art not (answered the Lord) the sonne of Iacomine Pierro? Yes quoth he: and this the Daughter of Alexander Bartolo: And if quoth Iacomine, you knew whose familie, dor but so much soz we as to speake to the King that we may be bound face to face, and so dyre, for life, that we hold in scorne. Although the tormentors were appointed to dispatch them by unhonne, yet the Lord Admirall charged them not to yie any fire to the wood till his retурne; which they promiss, and away gallopt the Admirall as a madman through the straits to the Kings palace, where when hee came, hee found the King in a great rage discourelling to his Lords the viliany of Katherine, that admitted a stranger into her. The Admirall, giving a little way to the Kings rage, at last stekt in, and on his hies begged the Littes of the two Lovers, but the King, thre times denye him: Then said the Admirall, O Royall Sir, if you put these Two strangers to death, you are Crassell to your selfe, false to the Honour of all Kings and Princes in the world: I know you would not be called an Ingratefull man, to haue ten Kingdomes moze given you, if you kill this swart couple, if you parre the deare hearts of these two Lovers, the sunne cannot luke vpon a man more thanfull; for when you were beaten out of Tunis, and got what Forces you could of adjacent Countries, to re-instate you, old Iacomine Pierro, this young mans Father, and noble Alexander Bartolo, the young womans Father, (both Sycilians and of Palermo) with hazard of their lynes and soz tynes, fought soz you, and set you vp againe, and will you now bee the murtherer of this two old men, by taking from them such deare Jewels as their Childzen. Loke into your selfe, and see what the fire of Loue has wrought in you: For them it has bene so powerfull, that to embrase one another, stekly they forsoke Country, Father, Mother, Friends, and haue run into a thousand dangers, and muste fire now bee the last, bicerly to consume them?

The King hearing this, sent for them, their pardon in the spar-
ket place was proclaimed, people shalless for Joy, the Lovers
were with unspeakable joy brought before the King, and kne-
eling downe to his mercy, He embraceth them, kisst her, and
made much of him: And charging them, to command herte
both their Parents, him his Knights, and having a shipp with
treasure, sent them home, where they lues with all gladnesse,
welcommend; The two Fathers upon this grew friends; the
Lovers were married, and lived in Palermo, in the abund-
dance of all happiness.

This Tale of the two Sycilian Lovers being ended, made
all the Company, as glad, to hear how well the Lovers sped,
as before they were sorowfull to consider their Tragicall mis-
fortunes; A Sea-man therfore stiring in the company, sayd
thus: My masters, because this Gentleman the Scholler,
(who can deliver his minde better then I) hath told his Tale
of two Lovers taken by Pirates at sea, I pray give me my
turne to, being a Creature living by the sea, and let my Tale
be next: with all our hearts they all Cryed. My story shall
be but shrot (sayd the Sea-man) because, heres a merry King
and many shps, but first looke vpon the Sparrier and behold
his face.

The description of the Sea-man.

Hee was a fellow browne of huc,
Sun-burnt in his face he grew,
Wellset, strong of Limbe and Bone,
Yet right and yare as any one;
Skill he had, the Helme to stearc,
And o'th Shps Decke to domineere,
Each Tacking, little rope, and line,
He could finde, when was no shire,
Of Sunne or Moone; in stormyest night,
He could trim his Sayles aright.

His

His Compasse cond he at his heart,
 And knew what Winds blew in each part ;
 The Starres he had as true by name,
 As if at Font he heard the same,
 And with his fingers poyn, could tell
 In whathouse every Starre did dwell,
 As here the great Beare, that the small,
 Such Starres are fix'd, such shooft and fall,
 (At least they Sea-men, downe to slide,)
 There does the bright Orion glide,
 The Taylors yard, and the Starres feauen,
 Is he acquainted with in Heaven,
 As well, as those feauen Starres (the signe
 To tell within, is sold good Wine.)
 Shelles, Rocks, Gulps, Quick-sunds, could he foun,
 And i' th' maine Ocean his courfe run,
 By his good Needle and his Cherd,
 Blow grumbling *Suras* nere so hard.

The Sea-men's Tale.

In the University of Oxford, there sometimes liued an ancient Gentleman, a great Scholler, and plaine of great Renowne in respect of his age, and places of Office and Honour which he had borne amonst the Colleages, his name (for he was in the minister of his Life, knighted) being Sir Lionell Alpernoone a Lants and lounings he had in some shires in England. Thre beautefull Daughters he had, married to Gentlemen of good ranke in Cambridge shire, and but one only son, whose name was Sebastian.

The old Knight being weake by sicknesse, and fiding that his weake and weachorous shife of a life could not hald out long, prepared himselfe for a bessir Journey, and so put in at Heaven: So that setting his ethere, he by his last Will and Testament, appoynted his Sonnes to be his sole Executours, and

instructed him in all his Lands, as his Heire. Yet lying on his death-bed, after many other instructions how to bear sayle in the troubles of the wozld, he enjoyed him to print in his memory thre Precepts especially: The first was, when he did marry, he charged him, albeit he shuld never so much lous or dote vpon the beauty of his wife, yet never to trust her with his private intentions, nor by any meaues to reveale any secret of consequence to her. The second was, that if he never was blessed with a Sonne of his owne, then not to Adopt another mans Child, as one of his begetting, nor at any hand to make him his Heyre. The third, that he shuld never put himselfe into subjection, to any man, of what greatnesse or power soever, that ruled the Helme of his Country as pleased himselfe, but rather to trim the Sailes of his owne Shipp, and be a fatchfull Pilot in the Navigacion of his busynesse by himselfe.

These Preceptes being given, and the Sonne bwing to perforeme them, the old Knight dyes. The Sonne hauing a Pasle of Wealth, Renewewes, Plat and Jewels, and bwing in the prime of his youth, lusty, braue, and full of spirit, thought it much to lye alone, but to marry some faire Gentlewoman, youthfull as himselfe, and of god Parentage, for her Portion he cared not, so he might please his eyes. And because he would tempt any such Creature the souer, to come vnder the Law of Medlock, he with his money gaue him a Knight-hood, so that who now but Sir Sebastian Aspernoone / Fate, or Fortune, or I know not whether it wers the little blind God of Loun, broughte him to a delicate Creature, a young Gentlewoman (a Squires Daughter) her name Elinora; The coming voyage was not long, but married they were, and our young Knight is not more fond of his Life, than of his newe Loun.

Long they lained, and as long they loned; But that Cable at whiche all married Couples lye at Anchors, with most content, was wanting, for in thre or four yeres together, they had no Children. Heroupon, others to their fates, much pityng that two such godly Trees, shoud haue faire Leaves,

and no fruit, and they themselves lying in their bed, as much gretting that they ploughed vp a sea, which returned them no traffique. In the end they both resolved to take some other mans wonne, of pore parentage, and to make him his Heyze, contrary to the Commandement which his dyng Father laydynge him to. A yong stripling therfore he tolke from a pore Middow; handsome was the boy in face, well-proportioned in body, and of a god ingenmons disposition; his name was Marmaduke; who as with his supposed Father and Mother he grew vp in yeres, so he in behavour pleased them the more.

This jounall Knight, linnen at ease, fulnesse of Fortune, and gladded with all the pleasures of his owne Countrey, as Hawking, Hunting, Horse-racing, Cock-fighting, and such like, besides seeing playes at London, and bringing his wife acquainted with other Ladies and Gentlewomen, and the fine girles of the City; was weary of England, and determined with his Lady and adopted wonne, to see some other Countries. In the lifetime of his Father, he had biens in Italy, and could a little speake the language.

Italy he called the Garden of the World, and thither shold his Lady goe with him, to behold the beauties of the braue bons Robes there; Money, by Exchange is to be sent him, rich apparel for him and his wife, with a competent number of Followers, are prouised; a shipp gotten to carry them, and abowd, abowd hey, cry the Marriners, so that in a shrewe time the (wchind being faire) with a merry gale they arraine in some part of Tuscany.

The Great Duke of Toscany was a yong Gentleman, and exceedingly givento the pastime of Hawking. The report of this English Knight and his faire Lady, comming to the Dukes Court, was delectous to se them; They are sent for to his Court, and come; the Duke in discoursing with A persone (liking him the better because he spake Italian) conceyued so extraordinary an affection towards him, his sweet proportion, behavour, and graces of mind, that in-

a shreft time, the Duke made him his Companion, his playfellow, his second selfe, and he so wone vpon the gallant Italian Courtiers, that he lay as diers in their bosomes, as in the Dukes.

Hawking he loued as well as the Duke did, and in that same time he shewed himselfe both expert & noble. Upon a day when our English Cavaliero, was retired alone into his private Chamber, he began to call to mind, the fauors of this Princeely Duke; with what a lame gale of Mind, and in how much a dea, he sayd in his Court, doated on by the Duke, embrased by his Courtiers, admires by the Italiens, and beloued of all men. When he considered how blest he was in Marmaduke his adopted sonne, he praised his feature, his Loue, obedience, and humble, yet generous carriage towards him. And vpon these two thoughts, Lord (said he) what a strange man was my Father! How was he aboue in his Judgement! How did his Death bed make him doate! What melancholy, or rather what madnesse, goe vp to the top of his braines, to read such a Bedlam Lettere to me, when he was to goe out of the world, and I to enjoy all that he left behinde him? Why did he most foolishly introyde me if I had no children of mine owne, never to make a stranger mine heire? Is not Marmaduke a god boy, an honest sonne, a louing youth! And why sofouch makk my wifes Dad, sozbis me to subiect my selfe to any Lord, or to fauour vp on his humours, who commanded his people and State as he pleased himselfe? Can any King vpon Earth safore vpon his Fauozite, as this great Prince of Tuscany does vpon me? Does the Duke keape his subiects in awe, and am not I master of his Passions? He is the Duke, but his Diadem stands on my head: well, my dead Father, I am glad thou art gone because thou wert no wiser; Two of thy Lessons I finde idle, vaine, false, and unnecessary to be listenned to; and whatso the thir: Marry sofouch, never to trust my wifte with a secret. Alas (you old man) let wome make much of thy head, for thy wits were soozme eaten before thou wentest to thy grans. Not trust my wifte? Is she not faire? Is she not yong? Is she not honest?

Dose

Does she not lye with me? Does she not lase me? Does she not kill me? Does she not embrase me? Yet I kepe any secret from her! Has she not left her Country, Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters, Aunts, Uncles, Cousins and Friends to follow me, and shall any thing lye in my heart, which I will not utter to her? No, no, I must trust her, and I will trust her.

Upon this resolution, he left his Chamber, and went to the Dukes Hallace, and coming to the Pearch, where stood a great number of bjaus Fawleons, he take the fairest secretly away, (such a one as the Duke esteemed aboue all the rest,) he brought her to a dore frients House, and there left the Bird, closely to be kept from the eyes of any man, till he himselfe eyther came, or sent for it by some god token. This done, he goes to his owne Lodging, and baning Fawleons there, wrings off the necke of one, and bringing it to his Lady, said: Sweet heart, thou knowest the Duke loues me, yet althat loueliness of his am I so wearey, it kill my heart, that I cannot when I would, be master of my selfe, and my owne man. To get therfore some more liber-ty, I haue done a tricke to make him fall out with me, and so for a while I shall be at quiet. What tricke (quoth shee?) I haue (said he) kill his best Fawalcon, luke you, here tis: I pray the dresse it, and we both will eat it, for the Dukes sake, and drinke to his health in rich Palermo Wine.

Sayyd out the Lady (Sir Sebastian) what haue you done? you are lost for ever; this is a villany not to be pardoned: call you this a tricke? A tricke to breake your owne necks: to haue a Kieletto in your guts, or poyson in an Italian falle: if the Duke heares of this shou (Alli Creature)art but a dead man. Peace sole (quoth he) none in the world knowes it but you and I: nay, (saves she) for my part, cut out my tongue when I parte of it. Well, the Fawalcon is drest, they hochsic downe, but she swore, not a hit of it shold goe into her belly; he intreated, and intreated her but to taste it; No, if he would hang himselfe she would not: Herenpoun, he vp with his hand & struck her o're the face: The blow made her mad, the Fawalcon flew out of the platter, the Trechers one way, Table-cloth another.

Plaie at his head, flasses to the ground, and crying for anger, swoze to be eueng with him: The next morning, (nothing being able for all he could doe, to please her all night) he went to the Duke, and told him how basely her Husband had recouerent his fauours in killing his best Fawleyn. The Duke enraged, without hearing him speake commenches him to be haungd, and his gods to be confiscated and diuided into thre parts: the first to his wife, the second to his Sonne, and the third to any one that would be his Hangman. He was to dye the next day.

The sweete fac'd youth (his Sonne) pondering in his minde, the sentence of the Duke, wade account if his Father were hang'd, it would be better for him; he would to England, and live like a Gentleman, he was no Father of his; All his Lands should be his, and haung let him. Nothing stukke in his Trounche so much, as that any stranger, that had a heart to helpe his fathers Gallowes and threwe him off, should haue a third share in the Gods, as well as he, or his Mother.

To his mother he therfore cowed (and sayes) Mother is it not better that I play the Hangman, and with easie dispatch my father, and so gaine that thrid part, which some base Itallian Roague, will else carry from you and me tw. Yes (sweete Boy) quoth she, I like thy care, thou art a louing Sonne, and when thy father is vader thy fingers, dispatch him as sone as thou canst to put him out of his paine.

The gracious strip'ing, went to the Duke, begged the hangmanes office, whch the Duke betweene a crowne and a smile granted him.

The knyght being in prison, iron'd, and expetting Death, sent priuately to his friend that had the Fawleyn, intreating him, when he saw him passe by to Executio, to Cop to the Duke, and intreat him but to haire the Prisoner speake, before he dyed. This his friend did. Then Sir Sebastian seeing the villany of a wife, and what misery he was faine into by being subiect to such a Prince, remembred his fathers Councell:

and

and sayd ; now d'ere father , I se mine owne folly and thy
wisedome : A wile thou bidst me not trust, nor to warne my
selle too much in the Sunne-shine of a Great wans favour ; I
haue done beth, and now must loose, my Honour , my For-
tunes, and my Life. Let thy Ghost pardou my disobedience in
not following thy Councell: when I am dead, I will come to
thee, and on my knes beg thy pardon.

Being in the midst of this meditation, his offissons and most
dutifull Crackope Sonne Marmaduke, came to the Prison,
with a company of bowme Wiles to guard him, and like an in-
gratefull hard-hearted Rascall, sayd thus : Father, sithence it
is the Dukes will you shoule dye, into whiche hands can you
fafelver fall than into mine, your dutifull Sonnes : my intents
are honest, louing, and god , not to suffer some Rakehell
stranger , to share with my mother (your d'ere Lady) in your
Gods, if any such Rascall will bavertake to hang you. Now
my d'ere father, to keepe off any such to lay a fowle hand vpon
you, what thinke you, if I (because your Gods shall still
continu in your Name) take that charitable Office vpon me :
O my carefull Sonne (quoth he,) what father had ever such a
faymous Child ? Hadst thou not come thus to comfort me , I
had syed halwillingly where now I shall take my loane of the
World with a joyful heart , because at my parting I shall
lack of all receive a kind farewell from thee : Doe then thine
office, and so killing him, the Way take a Cord, and put it a-
bout his fathers necke, councelling him to dye like a Gentle-
man, and an English man.

Away is the Prisoner led, with his hands bound , and the
Rope about his Necke, and being brought to the Gibbet , the
Ladder he mounts , the young Hangman late stradling on his
wooden Curtall, and bid his father pray : who turning his face
to the people told them why he was to dye, and that his wifes
tongue had brought him to his end , his onely comfort being ,
that his sweet Sonne , would rid him out of the miseries of
the World : some wept to heare him, some were ready to fling
stones at the Hangman : but were preuented by the Prisoners
friend,

friend, that kept the Fawleon: for he going to the angry Duke
begd on his knees, for his friends life, wept, and offered to be
hang'd himselfe, if the English man were not innocent.

Upon this he was seche from the Gallowes his Cord stille about
his necke, and the Caraser (his Sonne) attending. Being
before the Duke, he falling humbly on the Earth, acknowledg'd
the iniuste faours, and high graces, received from his
Highnesse, he being baworthy the least: and that he shoulde
serve to be tosse in peices by wild horses, shoulde he so spitefully
kyl by a Tempest in the calme holome also exrellent a Prince,
what he had done, was to try conclusions wpon this Prince: which
his dying father intynged him to, (and so telaces them:) The
Fawleon batouched, and bawhised was presence; the
Duke fell about his necke, forgave him, and was ashamed of
his rash behauing a falle woman. The hault was snatched from
the Fathers necke, and cast about his cursed Sonnes, the
Duke commanding the Way shoulde forbytch he crassed by;
But the noble Knight begd his pardon, which was (at his re-
quest) granted, and then thus he spake to him: O my adopted
Sonne, because I have koued the, I cannot hate the; yet how
to bestow the I know not: albeit, thou glady wouldest have
kene my Executioner, I will be thy Prelener: yet how am I
troubled in my mind? If I slane the, I shal be poincted at for a
foole: if I cast the away, Heaven will chuse me so; spilling
thy Bloud: I will neyther be pitfull nor cruell; wylch pur-
nisch the, no; pardon the: betweene these two will I goe, take
thou this Cord (bound now about thy necke) and in stead of
my gods which thou didst gape for, be that thy Portiou: weare
it ever, to tell the thou art a bilaune, and so never le me more.
He went away cursing: The Lady took a Damery, and both
dyed miserably: and then the Knight liued quietlly.

23-28-44

FINIS.



